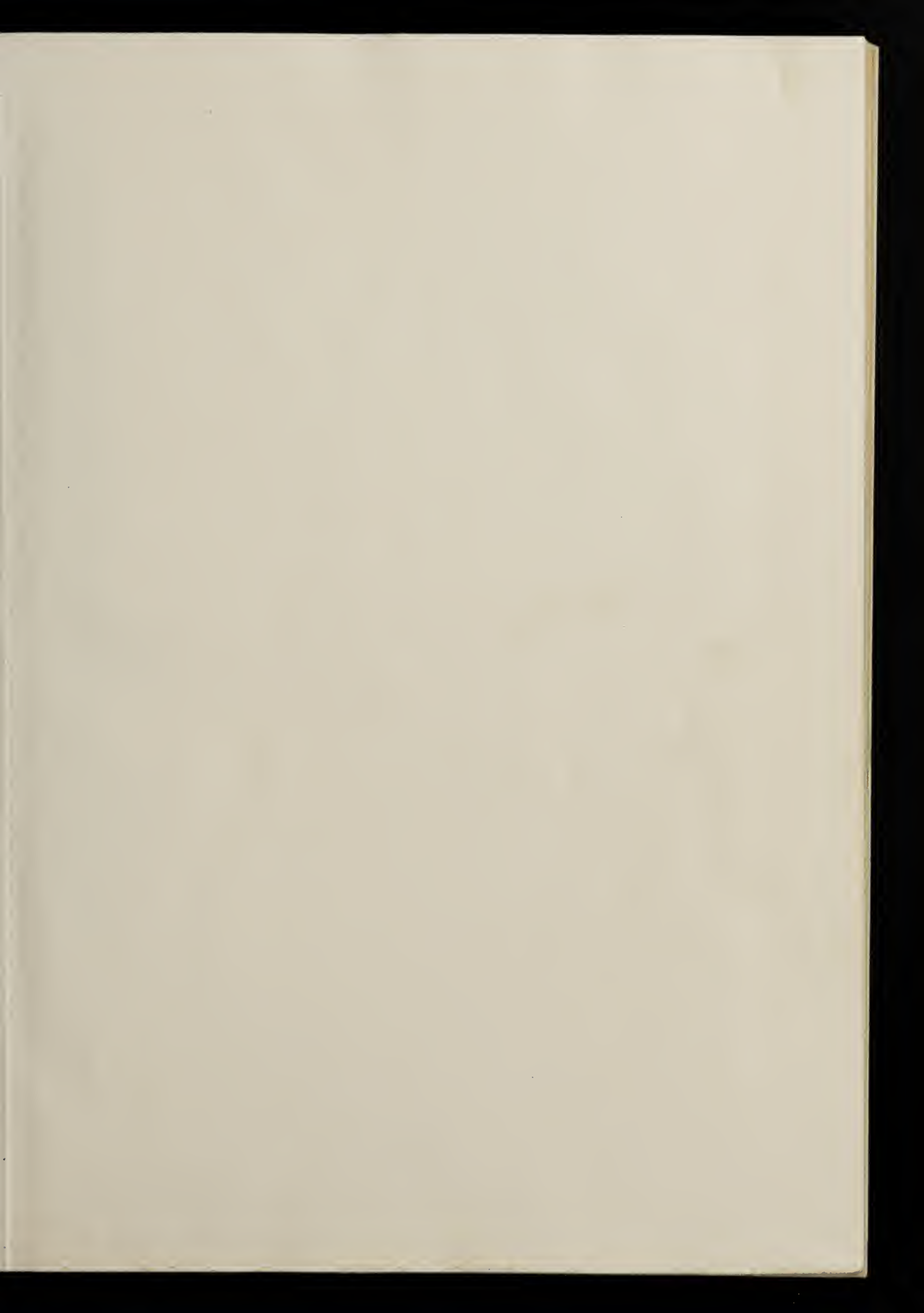
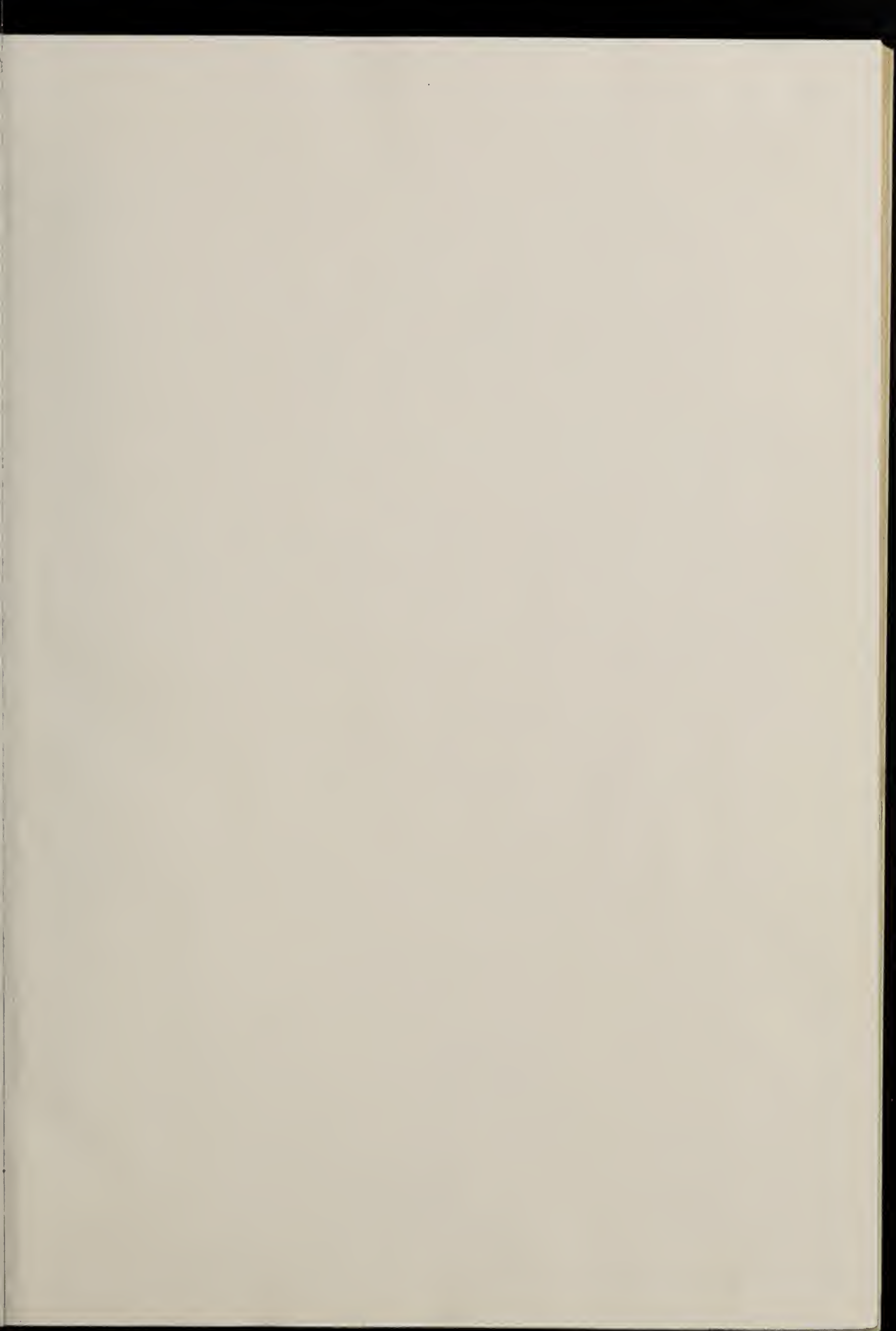


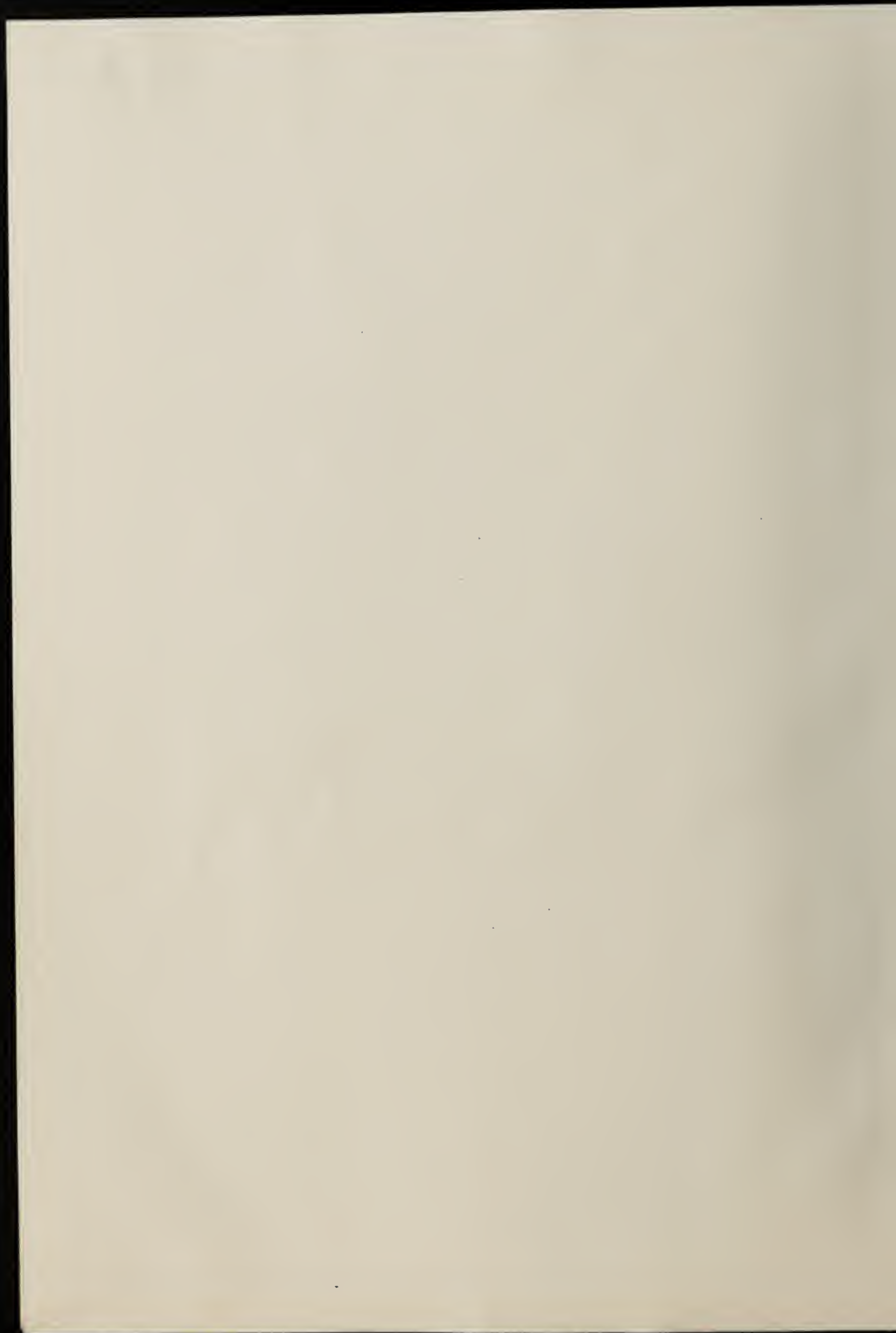
THE PIONEER

1892 & 1896









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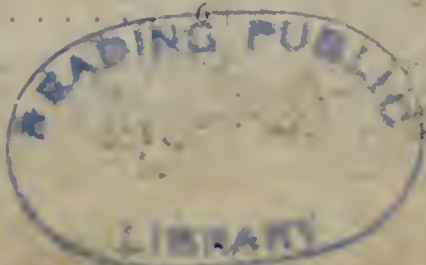
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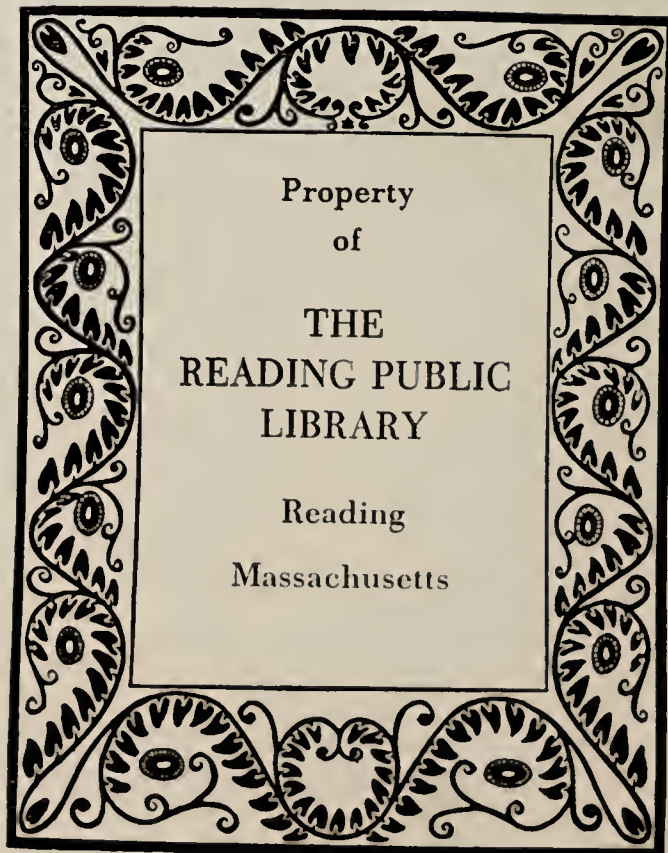
VOLUME I.

NUMBER I.

CONTENTS.

Tens and Zeros (Poetry)	1	R. H. S.	7
Editorial	1	A. H. S.	7
House of Seven Gables	2	The Boy stood on the Burning Deck (Poetry)	7
A Rainy Morning in the Attic	3	Mathematical Corner	8
In Memoriam (Poetry)	4	School Statistics	8
My Experience in Arizona	4	Personals	9
Absent-mindedness	6	Local	10
"Reading Scollie"	6	February Fossils	11
A Simple Compass	6		





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The Pioneer.

Vol. I. No. 1.

READING, MASS., FEBRUARY, 1892.

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THE PIONEER.

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*Students are cordially invited to contribute to the
columns of the PIONEER.*

*Articles intended for publication, and all commu-
nications relating to the Literary Department of the
paper, should be addressed to the Editor-in-Chief.*

*Articles must be written on only one side of the
paper.*

TENS AND ZEROS.

Why all this toil, this constant strain
Upon the mind, this tax upon the brain?
O! "'Tis the strife for rank, for fame,"
You say; "nor ease nor health outvalues name.
For this, we study day and night;
For this, we struggle with our mind and might:
Farewell, all things that hold us down—
We upward press to vict'ry and the crown."
But what avails this little gain,
If after all your labor and your pain,
When onward through life's path you go,
No longer tens, but zeros then you sow.
We do not say, shun honest fame,
Or reputation good, or spotless name:
But are these wholly found in books,
By him alone who delves with haggard looks?
Then envy not the book-worm wise,
If all things else escape his narrow eyes;
For life's stern path must soon be trod,
So make not schoolroom rank and fame your god.

C. E.

EDITORIAL.

IN assuming the editorial management of the PIONEER for the ensuing year, we make no professions as to what we are going to do, for indeed, we hardly yet know ourselves. A complete plan of action is not perfected in a week or a fortnight. All we have to say is that whatever lines of work we may decide to begin later, we consider ourselves pledged to certain principles. To make the paper the representative of the Reading High School, and always outspoken in her interests; to stand for what we consider the highest and best in school life; to criticize impartially, to form our convictions honestly and to express them fearlessly; these we maintain are conditions binding on us on account of our position.

In conclusion we think we have a right to ask one thing, namely: that the students themselves will take an active interest in the paper. The editors will do their best, but it will be impossible for them to act successfully without the coöperation of their schoolmates.

* * *

As the winter wears away and mid-year rapidly approaches, we all begin to look forward a little to the pleasanter days of spring, and the closing weeks of the year. Especially do the Seniors begin to realize that they have started on the "home stretch" as a class for the last time. They will soon begin to prepare themselves for the momentous occasion which they have been long anticipating. After finishing their studies here, a large portion of the class intend to take examinations for entering some college, and further prepare themselves for their work in life.

WE cordially invite every member of the High School to contribute to the columns of the PIONEER. Not one of us can afford to lose the opportunity for improvement which this will give; and we are sure that no better chance can be found for laying the foundation of a journalistic career. Is not the ability to write well as much of an accomplishment as the ability to read Latin and Greek? Should a student neglect anything so important as this? We trust that those who are endeavoring to make the most of their course of study will give the matter attention.

THE HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES.

THIS interesting story, written by Hawthorne while residing at Lenox, was given to the world in 1851. The scene is laid in Salem where are now many houses which claim to be the original "House of Seven Gables." This edifice was situated on Pyncheon Street. The whole outside was ornamented with quaint figures and the seven gables, pointing toward the sky gave it a proud, imposing air. The main entrance was between the front gables and was very wide. When the great house was built, at the appointed time, friends gathered from far and near for a sort of consecration. Alas! thus early in its history death crossed the threshold, for Judge Pyncheon at this gathering was found dead in his study. Some of the characters are very interesting, they are so strange. Let us look at Hepzibah on that eventful morning preparing her toilet before entering her shop.

Hepzibah Pyncheon was, in every sense of the word, an old maid. She was tall and thin and always had a scowl on her forehead which seemed to those who did not really know her, as a bad omen. Before emerging from her room she makes a very careful toilet. Ah! poor soul, she thinks she can make herself look better, but no amount of fine clothing can ever make Hepzibah look beautiful. Often one can hear a deep sigh escape as she moves to and fro. She opens and closes every drawer in her tall, old-

fashioned bureau; she looks at the back of her dress to see that every fold is smooth and now, after kneeling beside the bed to ask Divine help for the day, we think she is ready. Why does she not leave her room, then? One thing more must be done! Soon we see her turning a key in the small lock of a secret drawer. She takes out the small miniature of a young man. Who can it be? We have never seen the original, but if we had, we could not forget those lovely eyes and the firm, delicate mouth. Did Hepzibah ever have a lover? But no matter, let her indulge in this one pleasure of her life. She gazes at it long and tenderly and then carefully returns it to its place, and now Hepzibah Pyncheon crosses the threshold looking stern and harsh. But perhaps she does not feel so, poor soul, she has had a hard life shutting herself from the world, and now, in her old age, she realizes that she is poor and must earn a living. So she has fitted up a room for a shop in one corner of the spacious mansion. She has for sale many things to please and delight a child. She takes her place behind the counter trembling and eagerly awaiting the first customer. We leave her there with our best wishes, poor old soul.

Phoebe was a lovely girl. She could hardly be called beautiful yet she was very interesting, like a child, yet womanly in appearance. Her brown hair which curled in pretty ringlets shaded her face tanned by the sun, while a ruddy, healthful glow showed she loved the air. Hawthorne calls her half dozen freckles "friendly remembrances of the April sun and breeze." "She was graceful as a bird" and carried sunshine wherever she went. The next morning after her arrival she helped get breakfast, for Phoebe had great tact and could be useful anywhere. She stepped about quickly, humming some tune, making everyone feel lively and happy. She was the bright spot in poor Hepzibah's life.

At first I had no patience with Clifford, who could only admire the beautiful, but when I saw how he had been wronged my heart warmed to defend and help him. Phoebe was a great comfort to him. I was very much interested in the chapter telling about the death of Judge

Pyncheon. Hawthorne leaves us for such a long time in suspense before we know whether the Judge is dead or not.

The story of sweet Alice Pyncheon was very sad. Maule was cruel to hold her by his power. Wherever she was, if he said "Alice, dance," she would immediately dance a jig. It finally killed her and no man was more miserable than Maule on the day of her funeral. He only meant to humble her not to kill her and she was dead. But before we leave them all let us look at the House of Seven Gables on the night of the return of Hepzibah and Clifford. The sun is setting and lights up the old house making it look really beautiful. Holgrave and Phoebe are talking together and very happy, for Phoebe has given him hand and heart. What a different scene in the parlor! The Judge sits in a chair, his stern, hard features even more stern and hard in death. They soon hear a noise as if a door was opening, and before Holgrave can open it Clifford and Hepzibah walk in, "Thank God, my brother, we are at home," says Hepzibah and they all truly rejoice in that happy reunion. Now we reluctantly leave them, having much enjoyed their short acquaintance.

I see no real harm in reading such a story as this except to a nervous and easily excitable person. Hawthorne excels in his descriptions of persons and scenes. His adjectives are very well chosen and his English of the smoothest and best. I became so much interested that I could hardly leave it. Any one who has not read it ought to, for it is a standard work. I think Hawthorne's chief idea in writing was to show that the wrong doing of one generation lives in all successive ones. Nowhere else is to be found such moral power combined with an artistic finish so perfect. His province was narrow, but within it he was master.

Cashier—"Do you know when double entry was first used?" Book-keeper—"Yes; when the animals entered the ark two by two."

Caller—"Doesn't it worry you to think of your daughter on the ocean?"

Old lady—"Lands sakes, no. She can swim."

A RAINY MORNING IN THE ATTIC.

MANY days of my summer vacation, spent at my grandmother's in an old country farm house are remembered with great pleasure, but I recall one which I enjoyed more than all others. A pouring rain prevented a picnic which I had been anticipating with great pleasure, therefore I fear I was rather stormy as well as the day. After wandering aimlessly through all the rooms of the house seeking comfort, I went to the attic for consolation as was my custom at home. I thought I had come to a very interesting place as I stood on the top stair and looked around me. Such a collection of antique furniture I had never seen before. There was the old spinning wheel which had spun my grandmother's wedding dress, some beautiful brass andirons which are held sacred because George Washington sat before them when he spent the night with my great grandfather during the revolution. I went and sat down in an old fashioned chair having the most beautiful tidy that I ever saw, a perfect cobweb. Opposite me leaning against the great old-fashioned chimney was a rusty old gun, which, though not the "the sword of Bunker Hill," was the gun which my great grandfather used so valiantly in that battle. Right beside me was an old chest of drawers, one of which was open a little way showing a package of old letters. I eagerly seized these for I am very fond of reading such literature. The first I opened was written to my mother by one of her harum-scarum schoolmates. It read as follows:—

JUNE 17th, 1827.

"Dear Maud,—

In my last letter I told you that mother was going away and her maiden aunt was coming to keep house for us. Well, mother left us early this morning and Aunt Martha soon appeared carrying a great carpet bag and green umbrella. I saw her coming up the street, so went to receive her with due ceremony. She had just reached the gate as I opened the door, and these were her first words of welcome: 'Don't stand there letting the flies in, I'm not so weak that I can't open the door! Probably you have left the milk boiling over on the stove and the bread burning

in the oven. Such giddy girls as they have now days I never saw!' 'Don't throw all the dishes on the floor,' was her parting remark as I was leaving her to take care of herself. 'That is where we keep them,' I replied as I slammed the door behind me. I felt a little provoked, so when Annt Martha appeared in the kitchen I tried to return some of the compliments I had received.

'Do you know how to make bread?' I asked innocently, because if you do not I will send down to the bakery and get some. Now there is only one saucier question in the English language that I could have asked her, and that is, 'Do you know the Ten Commandments?' I received a very piercing look from her black eyes as she informed me 'that children should be seen and not heard.' As I am nearly eighteen I didn't particularly relish that remark.

With scenes like these the morning passed away, and at dinner time I set the table as usual, but Aunt Martha, with the air of a martyr who was being burned at stake, pulled the table cloth on straight, set the sugar bowl, cream pitcher and spoon stand in a straight line and exactly so far apart. Then she changed all the dishes so that each plate or knife or fork was at the right angle until each piece of crockery looked as if it had been fastened down with glue.

The afternoon was quite ineventful, I have been knitting after the custom of the ancients. Supper was a repetition of dinner. But the crowning act of the day was that just before I came up stairs in the evening she read very impressively two little verses and then gave them to me to learn. They may have been taken from Shakespeare or Milton, but I think they sound rather more like Burns. They were as follows:

"Come when you're called,
Do as you're bid,
Shut the door after you,
And you'll never be chid."

"Speak when you're spoken to,
Hold up your head,
Turn out your toes,
And go smiling to bed."

How I am going to bear these two weeks I

don't know, but it is nine o'clock and I must go 'smiling to bed.'

Yours truly,

CAROL MARTIN."

I had just finished reading this when I was summoned to dinner; then, as it cleared off very pleasantly in the afternoon we had the expected picnic, but I think I enjoyed the morning the most.

IN MEMORIAM—1891.

Sweet Cear, you come with a song and a smile,
Like a thought that is yet untold;
But strings will tremble and echo awhile
That were swept by the hands of the old.

We know how your newness and tender charm
Like a red, red rose may unfold;
But oh, for the scent of those petals warm
Which drifted away with the old!

You will bring true hearts to our door, sweet Year,
So think not that ours are cold;
*But there is no friend like the old, sweet Year,
There is no friend like the old!*

VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.

MY EXPERIENCE IN ARIZONA.

Like many other young men, when I became of age, I was seized with a violent attack of "Western fever." I must leave home and journey through the great West, to return, as I thought, a wealthy man.

What business I was to enter I knew not. I had a vague idea that the "Almighty Dollar" was to be found as plentiful as boulders are in the New Hampshire pastures.

My friends urged me to go, thinking that, with my usual obstinacy, I would act in opposition to their pretended wishes and remain at home. Contrary to their expectations, my resolve to depart was not shaken in the least.

On the tenth day of August, 1881, a party of us started for Arizona, where we expected to obtain employment of some kind. No thoughts of possible dangers entered our minds, for we were young, and the fires of hope and ambition burned brightly within us.

We reached St. Louis without any serious mishaps, and continued on our way with great rejoicing.

The next stopping place of importance was

THE BOY STOOD ON THE BURNING DECK.

The boy stood on the burning deck
 Whence all but him had fled;
 The waters round were seething wild,
 The wind raged overhead.

The last boat had left the side,
 The boy shrieked loud and wild,
 His father heard him and replied,
 "Jump in and swim, my child."

The boy jumped on the bulwarks
 And then his foot did slip,
 He sank beneath the roaring waves
 And with him took the ship.

ORIGINAL SONNET.

Little grains of wisdom,
 Little drops of wit;
 These make up our paper.
 What do you think of it?

R. H. S. R. S.

At the suggestion of Principal Whittemore, the Reading High School Rhetorical Society was organized Sept. 1891. The object of the organization is to promote the interests of the students in declamation, composition, and debate; also to afford instruction and practice in the use of Parliamentary Rules. The present officers of the Society are Frank Wight, President; N. H. Hawes, Vice-President; Jas. Killam, Secretary and Treasurer; Miss Blanche Copeland, Ralph Gleason and Herbert Hill, Executive Committee; J. E. Marshall, Miss Lillian Wolcott, Miss Blanche Copeland, Music Committee.

The Executive Committee acts in conjunction with the Principal in arranging rhetorical work. The programmes rendered are very acceptable and though there have been but two debates, a considerable fluency is already manifested in the discussion of questions brought before the Society. The duty of the Music Committee is to secure the co-operation of pupils interested in musical matters, and to secure their services for the entertainment of the Society. A number of the pupils have united to form a chorus and assist greatly in making the programmes interesting. Miss Marion Prentiss has been appointed as accompanist of the chorus.

The Society has been eminently successful; we believe it has a large field of usefulness.

R. H. S.

A high school was first established in the town of Reading in 1856. Its first principal was Henry A. Littell, who filled this position until 1858. His successor was Mr. Philip C. Porter. Mr. R. B. Clarke came next and taught during the summer and fall terms of 1860, Mr. L. B. Pillsbury being employed to teach during the winter term. Mr. Pillsbury remained in charge until the close of the spring term of 1864, and it was under his supervision that the first class graduated in 1863. Mr. George L. Baxter taught for two terms and was succeeded by Mr. Charles R. Brown, who remained one year. Mr. George W. Adams was employed in December, 1865; and after teaching three weeks, resigned. His successor was Mr. Edward H. Peabody, who remained till the close of the spring term in 1868. It was while Mr. Peabody had charge of the school that it was removed to the building now occupied by it. It had been taught first in the "Union Hall Building," which was hired for the purpose, and for a while in "Cottage Hall." In 1867 a school house was erected for the use of the high and grammar schools, on the very spot occupied by a school house a hundred years before. The cost of the building was about \$12,000. The house was dedicated Dec. 9, 1867, with appropriate ceremonies. Mr. Cyrus Cole followed Mr. Peabody. The membership of the school has steadily increased until there are now enrolled about ninety pupils. At present there are three distinct courses of study, as shown elsewhere in the paper, and the work is so arranged as to fit pupils for college.

Mrs. Brickrow (after the annual moving)—
 "The family who last lived in this house left it in a perfectly horrible condition."

Mr. Brickrow—"The agent told me it had stood empty ever since we lived in it before."

Magistrate (to complainant)—"Your dog was poisoned on the north side, you say?"

Complainant—"Why, your honor, I think he was poisoned all over."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

MATHEMATICAL CORNER.

SCIMUS UT PRODUCIMUS.

It is intended by those in charge to devote a small space each month to mathematical work. It is requested that neighboring schools send us problems for solution, and solutions to problems published in our paper, and that scholars in our own school having any very difficult problems hand them to the editor in charge of this department for publication.

Address all communications to

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P. O. Box 588.

Show that the bisectors of the angles contained by the opposite sides, produced of an inscribed quadrilateral, intersect at right angles.

A fox is pursued by a greyhound and is 60 of her own leaps before him. The fox takes three leaps in the time that the greyhound takes two; but the greyhound goes as far in three leaps as the fox does in seven. In how many leaps will the greyhound overtake the fox?

20' of Cl, measured at standard temperature and pressure, increased to 20.5, owing to a fall in the barometer? How many millimeters did the barometer fall?

Having given the extremities of a line, and no other part of it being accessible, to measure the line.

Prove that the square of half the sum of any two unequal numbers is less than half the sum of their squares.

Watchful Mother (entering library suddenly) — "Good heavens! Maud, wh-what are you doing? Go to your room instantly." Fair Daughter (sobbing) — "I wa-was doing just what papa told me to." W. M. (aghast) — "What?" F. D. — "Ye-yes. He said it was high time I was sitting down on that impudent Mr. Jiggs, and that is ju-just what I was doing."—*Ex.*

SCHOOL STATISTICS.

Prineipal.—F. E. Whittemore.

Assistants.—O. A. Prescott, C. E. Berry
Clara Whittemore.

Musie Teaeher.—A. E. Bradford.

Military Instructor.—P. J. Flanders.

Number of pupils, 85.

Post Graduates, 5.

Seniors, 14.

Juniors, 6.

Sophomores, 31.

Freshmen, 29.

Number of boys, 33.

" " girls, 52.

" " on Roll of Honor for January, 52.

School Committee.—G. L. Parker, W. S. Parker, C. M. Barrows, H. G. Wadlin, E. F. Parker, H. G. Kittredge.

COURSE OF STUDY.

ENGLISH COURSE.

FIRST YEAR.

First Term.—Algebra, 3; Arithmetic, 2; English Composition and Grammar, 5; Physiology, 5; (book-keeping, optional).

Second Term.—Algebra, 3; Arithmetic, 2; English Composition and Grammar, 5; English History, 5; (book-keeping, optional).

Third Term.—Algebra, 5; Rhetoric and American Authors, 5; English History, 5.

SECOND YEAR.

First Term.—Geometry, 5; Rhetoric and American Authors 5; Physics, 5.

Second Term.—Geometry, 5; Rhetoric and English Authors, 5; Physics, 5.

Third Term.—Geometry, 5; Rhetoric and English Anthors, 5; Physics, 5;

THIRD YEAR.

First Term.—Ancient History, 5; Chemistry, 5; Astronomy, 5.

Second Term.—Mediaeval History, 5; Chemistry, 5; Astronomy, 5.

Third Term.—Modern History, 5; Botany, 5; Physical Geography, 5.

FOURTH YEAR.

First Term.—English Literature, 5; French, 5; Civil government, 2; Political Economy, 3.

Second Term.—English Literature, 5; French, 5; Geology, 5.

Third Term.—English Literature, 5; French, 5; Geology, 5.

REGULAR COURSE.

(English-Latin.)

FIRST YEAR.

First Term.—Algebra, 3; Arithmetic, 2; English Composition and Grammar, 5; Latin, 5; (Book-keeping or Physiology, optional).

Second Term.—Algebra, 3; Arithmetic, 2; English Composition and Grammar, 5; Latin, 5; (Book-keeping, optional).

Third Term.—Algebra, 5; Rhetoric and American Authors, 5; Latin, 5.

SECOND YEAR.

First Term.—Geometry, 5; Latin (Cæsar), 5; Physics, 5.

Second Term.—Geometry, 5; Latin, (Cæsar), 5; Physics, 5.

Third Term.—Geometry, 5; Latin (Cæsar), 5; Physics, 5.

THIRD YEAR.

First Term.—Ancient History, 5; Latin (Cicero or Virgil), 5; Chemistry, 5.

Second Term.—Mediaeval History, 5; Latin (Cicero or Virgil), 5; Chemistry, 5.

Third Term.—Modern History, 5; Latin (Cicero or Virgil), 5; Botany, 5.

FOURTH YEAR.

First Term.—English Literature, 5; Latin (Virgil or Cicero), 5; Civil Government, 2; Political Economy, 3; (French or German, optional).

Second Term.—English Literature, 5; Latin (Virgil or Cicero), 5; Geology, 5; (French or German, optional).

Third Term.—English Literature, 5; Latin (Virgil or Cicero), 5; Geology, 5; (French or German, optional).

CLASSICAL COURSE.

(College Preparatory.)

FIRST YEAR.

Same as Regular Course.

SECOND YEAR.

Geometry, Latin (Cæsar, 4 books and Prose Composition), Greek Grammar and Lessons; each, five recitations a week throughout the year.

THIRD YEAR.

Latin (Cicero or Virgil), 5; Prose Compositions, 2; Grecian and Roman History, 3; Greek (Anabasis, 4 books), 5; Greek Prose, 2.

FOURTH YEAR.

Latin (Virgil, or Virgil and Ovid), 5; Greek (Iliad or Odyssey, 3 Books), 5; French or German, 5; Review of Mathematics, 5.

NOTE A. Spelling, Composition, Declamation, Singing, Military Drill and Gymnastics throughout the courses.

NOTE B. The figures indicate the number of recitations each week.

NOTE C. Pupils are expected to take the Regular or Classical Course for the first year unless, at special request of the parents and with the concurrence of the Committee, the other course is allowed.

NOTE D. Special attention will be given to sight reading in Greek, Latin, French and German, after the first year.

PERSONALS.

'88

Winthrop D. Parker is taking a course in architecture at the Institute of Technology.

Henry Jones is with the firm of Thomas Hall & Co., Boston, dealer in electrical apparatus.

Walter Nichols is at the Institute of Technology.

'89

Miss Hattie Weston is attending the State Normal School.

Miss Lucy Roby has lately begun teaching in this town, having taken a course at the State Normal School.

Richard Lewis is at present engaged in business in Boston.

'90

Miss Grace Sweetser is at Wellesley College.

Harry K. Barrows is at the Institute of Technology.

Edward W. Baneroft is at Phillip's Academy preparing for college.

Arthur J. Davis is at the Berkley School in Boston preparing for the Institute of Technology.

'91

Wilfred Baneroft is taking a course of study in Bryant and Stratton's Commercial School.

Leon G. Bent is working with the firm of G. W. Bent & Co.

Miss Gertrude Dempsey is studying at the Salem Normal School.

Elmer Robinson is in the English High School of Boston, where he is fitting for the Institute of Technology. In the Battalion he has the office of sergeant in Company A.

Henry Sanborn entered Dartmouth College last fall. He is now teaching school at Green River, Vermont. He expects to continue his studies later.

Miss Frances Smith is studying at the English High School of Boston.

Miss Fanny Hatfield and Miss Bertha Roberts are both employed in the post-office.

W. S. Phillips is with the firm of A. Shuman & Co., Boston.

Sydney Manning is working with J. H. Simpson of this town.

Harry Eames is working at his father's store in this town.

Mr. W. R. Butler, who was formerly connected with this school, was engaged last fall as principal of the Waltham High School.

Up in the parlor the young folks sat
With each hour their words grew sweeter,
While her father grim with a lantern dim,
Sat down in the cellar and swore with vim,
As he watched each skip of the meter."
—Northwestern.

LOCALS.

—The pupils have much enjoyed the excellent skating.

—"Is this cold enough for you?" is the usual morning salutation.

—WANTED.—More than one mirror for the young ladies' dressing room.

—There will be a course of entertainments given this winter, under the supervision of the Reading High School.

—Mr. Bradford, the music teacher, has been ill and consequently has not been able to make his customary visit to the high school.

—The captains of Companies A and D have been changed. Miss Blanche Copeland takes Company A and Miss Grace Parker Company D.

—The Sophomore and Freshman classes recently took the same examination in Algebra, the result being displeasing to the former, creditable to the latter.

—Is anyone desirous of giving away a fine piano? If so, let him box it up and send it along. We will give him honorable mention in the columns of the PIONEER.

—A "patent scavenger" is no longer needed. Each desk bears its own burden of crumbs, and one may now walk up the aisle without stepping on "that goodly article, butter."

—A large aperture in one of the windows has been letting in a little more fresh air than is desirable. The culprit was evidently a firm believer in oxygen for the public schools.

—Problem.—Can four persons do a piece of work intended for ten in the same time and with no more expenditure of patience? Ans.—No!

The assistant editors will please bear this in mind.

—Thursday, Feb. 4, a prize drill was held in place of the usual exercises. Lieut. Hill commanded, and Lieut. Barrows and Sergeant Gleason acted as judges. After a short but sharp contest, Private Killam was awarded the first prize, and Sergeant Beaudry the second.

—Friday, Jan. 22, the young men held their preliminary contest in declamation, resulting in the choice of Eaton, Cook, Jas. Killam, Hawes and Samuel Killam, as participants in the coming Prize Declamation Contest.

—Members of the Freshman class in Latin are still wading through verbs of the third conjugation, but are coming bravely out, and the good marks are beginning to outnumber the bad ones. Need it be said that the girls lead?

—The drill of this year promises to be very good, so far as the manual is concerned. The marching will have to be improved greatly in order to be passable. The superiority of the manual over the marching is occasioned by constant practice, marching being beyond our sphere. A drill hall for the use of the company would be greatly appreciated; it would ensure better results on "Field Day."

"Every man, unless he believes that he fell from the clouds, or that the beginning of the world dates from the day of his own birth, should take pains to become acquainted with what has taken place at other times and in other countries."

FEBRUARY FOSSILS.

O spirit, say, what will it be
When faith becomes reality,
And virtue's cause is won?
A firmer faith in higher laws,
A strength renewed, a nobler cause,
A grander strife begun. —Ex.

L'ENVOY

To sermonize was not my first intent,
As into measured lines my thought I traced.
But if, indeed, my words afford a theme
"To point a moral or adorn a tale,"
This is the sermon I would have them preach:
Strive for thyself the nobler truths to reach,
Courage be thine to advocate the right,
Strength be thy plume, and faith thine armor bright.
Peace be thine aim, but in the need fear not
To bear strong hand and heart to right the hurt.
And over all be guided by a true ideal.

FRED E. KIMBALL.

UNDER THE STARS.

High from the window her soft voice is floating,
Like some faint perfume pervading the air,
While all the zephyrs their gauze wings devoting
Hasten exultant the sweet tones to bear.

Hither they bring them to me who am waiting,—
Waiting unseen in the black of the night;
Here with my face to the gate's iron grating,
Watching her there mid her halo of light.

Oh, if she knew with what thirst I am drinking
Each wafted strain, would she bid me depart?
Oh, if she dreamt how each soft note is sinking
Into my soul, could she still shut her heart?
—Brunonian.

After-dinner speeches are sometimes treacherous. Things get mixed, and ideas flow faster than words. The following is an instance: In comparing the literary merits of Dickens and Thackeray, an after-dinner orator in London said: "It's the wonderful insight into human nature that Dickens gets the pull over Thackeray; but on t'other hand, it's in the brilliant shafts of satire, t'gether with a keen sense of humor, that Dickey gets the pull over Thackens. It's just this: Shickery is the humorist and Dackens the satirist. But, after all, its absurd to instoot any comparison between Dackery and Thickens."

—Highlander.

UNREASONABLE.

She wore a long ulster and new style crush hat,
A turnover collar and bright red cravat,
And then was offended and sent my ring back
Because, in the dusk, I mistook her for Jack.
—Brunonian.

"Sweet maid," said he,
"I ask of thee
To fly, to fly, to fly with me."
"Young fellow," said she,
"Now don't you be
Too fly, too fly, too fly with me." —Ex.

Prison Warden—"The dinner order from Delmonico's has come. Take it to the prisoner who killed a man."

Assistant—"All right. Who is this bread and water for?"

Warden—"That's for the man who stole a ham."



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Dancer

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THE

PIONEER.

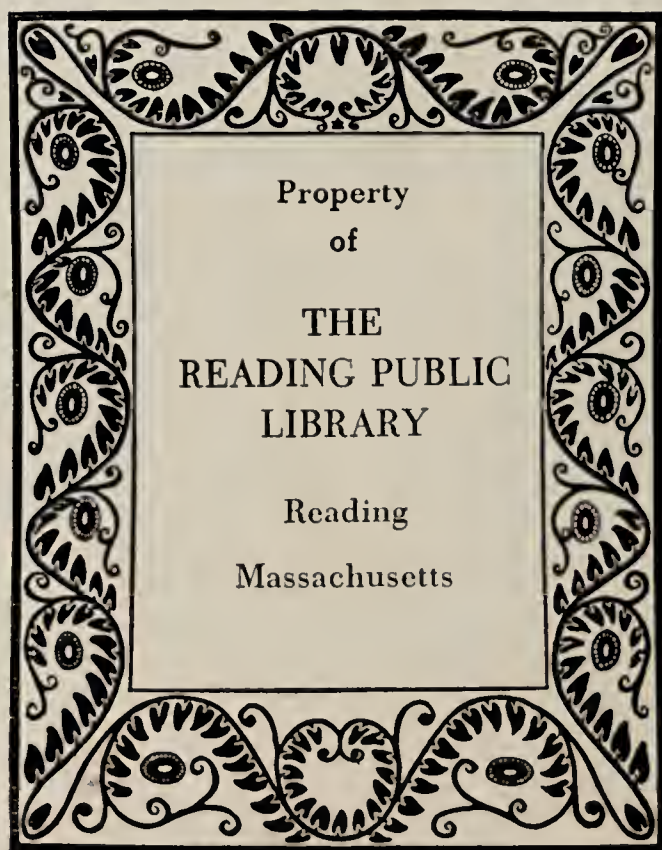
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CONTENTS.

Sunrise (Poetry)	25	A Visit to the Seashore	32
Editorial	25	Mathematical Corner	33
"The Alhambra"	26	Maxims in French	34
The Piece (Poetry)	28	Timely Questions	34
A Monday Visitor	28	Personals	34
A Word of Advice (Poetry)	30	Locals	35
A Visit to a Roman Camp	30	Clippings and Items	36



The Pioneer.

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THE PIONEER.

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SUNRISE.

The east is tinged with gray—
The candles of the sky grow dim,
As down below the earth's dark rim
The red moon sinks away.

Through all the peaceful night
Her quiet vigil she has kept,
While wearied souls unconscious slept,
But now her modest light

Revives before the King
Whose hosts, advancing silently,
With blood-red banners hang the sky,
And light effulgent bring.

In royal panoply
Of cloud, he comes; O Earth, arise!
With stately pace he mounts the skies
And calls to industry.

EDITORIAL.

Although the ambition to acquire know-
ledge is possessed by all, yet to spend too
much time in study will make one dull, and
convert what might be a man into a mere
machine. It is not necessary for a person
to pore over his books from morning until
midnight, in order to become a good scholar.
The good scholar seldom studies many hours
a day. He knows how to use his time to the
best advantage; when he takes up a book,
he gives it his undivided attention; he thinks
over the topics suggested by the lesson, after
the work has been laid aside.

The lazy habit of dozing over an open book
is one of the worst that can befall a pupil.
It leads him to regard mental work the
same as merely physical labor, worth
so much an hour, regardless of the fact
that the character of all mental work is
determined by the degree of application
given to it.

* * *

We are pleased to observe among certain pu-
pils, a praiseworthy effort to refrain from the
use of all improper language, when not other-
wise under the restraint of their teachers or
others. It is a movement in the right direc-
tion, and one in which no person need be
ashamed to take part. A person is not edu-
cated in the higher sense of the term, until
among his many accomplishments he numbers

that of using at all times, only such language as will everywhere stamp him as a gentleman. We do not wish to insinuate that any pupils of this school are especially addicted to improprieties of speech in their social life, but we do wish to say, and every manly student who gives the subject a moment's careful thought, will agree with us, that the use of that which certainly is not "polite English" and in the unguarded moment may savor of vulgarism, is derogatory to their higher education and belittling to their manhood.

We should remember that we are known, not only by what we do, but by what we say, and that the language which we use in society will stamp us with the marks of the educated gentleman, or brand us as low and vulgar.

* * *

A word to our contributors. We have had matter sent in a few times, written on both sides of the sheet. We believe it to be due to thoughtlessness, and therefore hope that a little more care will be taken to *write on one side of the sheet only*.

* * *

We have thus far refrained from the hackneyed exhortation to subscribe to the school paper. Now, however, we desire to urge all to take as many copies of The Pioneer as their means permit, sending such copies as they do not need to friends who are interested in the school. All graduates are cordially invited to subscribe, thus aiding the the paper, and obtaining a fair knowledge of the course of events in the High School.

* * *

The ground is clear of snow once more,

and the approach of spring brings with it the need of active preparation for that sport peculiar to the season—baseball. There is no good reason why we should not have a team to represent us this year, as there is enough good material. We can certainly do well, if all our forces are utilized. It remains to be seen, however, if any school enterprise can command the support of *all* the students. A few always wish to run or ruin all desirable projects. Once in a while they succeed; once in a while—they don't. We hope and expect that this season, all factions will unite and work for our common interests.

* * *

We wish to do now what we should have done in our first issue, namely, to urge upon the students the importance of patronizing those who advertise in the paper. At no cost to themselves, and often at an advantage, can our subscribers show that The Pioneer is a good advertising medium, and by so doing, help the paper financially, as well as make the rough path of the business manager a little smoother when the next time he goes the round of the old advertisers to solicit the renewal of their advertisements. We cannot expect to retain their patronage, unless we give them some return.

IRVING'S "ALHAMBRA."

These sketches and tales were mostly written in the old Moorish palace of the Alhambra in Granada. When Irving visited that place he was urged by a friend, who was accompanying him, to write a chronicle of their journey, and thus preserve some of the many legends and traditions of this noted stronghold of the Moors.

But few have the advantages Irving had, as he was allowed to dwell in the old palace for some time, thus having an opportunity to make an interesting description of the place. He paints true to life many of the characters of the Alhambra, and it becomes an enchanted spot to the reader. The manner of dress and the speech of the ancient Moors are described in his sketches in such a way as to give a good idea of the customs of the followers of Mahomet. Such a subject as "The Alhambra" treated by another writer, would be liable to become monotonous, but Irving, by interweaving fact with fiction, makes it grow more interesting as the reader proceeds.

The Alhambra, a fortified suburb of Granada and forming an acropolis to the city, is surrounded by a strong wall more than a mile in length and studded with towers. The portions still standing are ranged about two oblong courts, one called the "Court of the Fish Pond," the other the "Court of the Lions." They consist of porticos, pillared halls, cool chambers, small gardens, fountains, etc. The beauty of the columns and arches, and the richness of the ornamentation, have never been surpassed. On entering the palace, one would think he was in the time of the Moors, so excellently has it been preserved. The stone lace work scattered over the building appears, to those ignorant of the Arabic language, as mere quaint and beautiful scrolls, but it is really a complex arrangement of Arabic poetry and verses from the Koran.

The coloring, which has been marvellously preserved, uses the three primary colors only, of which the blue is employed the most, although the atmosphere has transformed much of it to green. Entrance is by a horse-shoe arch, called by the Moors, the "Gate of the Law," where the king sat to administer justice. Here the work of the Moors

has been broken to make a place for a wooden image of the Virgin.

Irving tells of many strange characters, the most interesting of whom I think to be Boabdil El Chico, or "The Unlucky." He merited the title, for indeed he was very unfortunate from the cradle to the grave; yet, notwithstanding all that has been said of him, he was a kind, amiable and just king. He had great courage, which cannot be denied; but, when the time for quick decisions came, was found wanting, because he was of a wavering disposition.

Another person who interested me nearly as much was Josef Abul Hagias, the finisher of the Alhambra. The reign of this monarch was very different from that of "The Unlucky," as was also his character. He was of fine appearance, with fair complexion and had great strength. Although he was brave, he fared better in peace than in war. He introduced many improvements in the city, besides completing the Alhambra, and made Granada a city of palaces. His great magnanimity was shown in a number of incidents, and he deserved a better fate than he met with.

Of the legends which Irving has written, I hardly know which pleased me most, as all are very amusing. The "Legend of the Moor's Legacy," especially so. Here is a short sketch of it: In the Alhambra there once lived a water-carrier, Peregil by name, who was in very fair circumstances, being the happy possessor of a donkey. One evening he took in a Moor who was completely exhausted, and gave him lodging. During the night the traveller died, but first gave to Peregil, as a reward for his kindness, a small box. The family now had to dispose of the body, and so the water-carrier took it to the river bank and there buried it. As ill-luck would have it, a meddling barber saw him do it and reported the fact to the

Alcalde. This Alcalde was a greedy, avaricious man, and when he heard that a traveller, as he supposed, had been made way with, he wished to gain possession of the money, for which he thought the Moor had been murdered.

By means of a little bluster and a few threats, he forced the water-carrier to relate all the particulars of the death of the wayfarer. When he found that nothing was to be gained, he allowed the frightened Peregil to go, but took his beloved donkey. Peregil was very despondent for a while, and was much upbraided by his wife, but at last he thought of the box bequeathed to him, and, opening it, found that it contained a paper by which he might gain possession of a great treasure hidden in a cave. He, in company with another Moor, carried out the directions, and suddenly the little water-carrier was a rich man. Now Peregil would have been free from harm, if he had not committed an indiscretion, which men are prone to do; he told his wife. She was seen by the meddlesome barber one morning, parading in her room covered with jewels, and off he went again to the Alcalde. When that officer was told about it, he straightway posted himself to Peregil's house, and forced him to tell where he had gained possession of so much wealth. Doubtless the Alcalde would have imprisoned them, and confiscated their property, had he not been desirous of securing all that was left in the cave. They went to the place, and the water-carrier and his companion went down into the cavern, and brought up as much as they could carry. But the Alcalde was not satisfied with this and resolved to bring up the contents of an iron box, which had been described by the others. As soon as he, his assistant, and the meddlesome barber had entered the cave, the spell was broken which kept it open, and there they were, and there they probably

are to this day. The water-carrier and his friend returned home, and lived in luxury for the rest of their lives.

"The Alhambra" was probably written both for entertainment, and as a description of the Alhambra and its occupants. The author asks the reader to use much imagination, and makes the narrative very interesting with his artistic hand. Irving especially excels in descriptions of scenery, and is noted for his simplicity of style.

BERNARD BARROWS, '92.

THE PIECE.

The boy stood by the master's desk,
His piece he could not speak
And when he essayed an attempt,
His voice seemed strangely weak.

The master took him by the sleeve
And led him from the floor,
And it was very late that night
Before he reached his door.

A MONDAY VISITOR.

In the first place it was on Saturday night that I received a letter from Aunt Jane announcing that she and Bobby would be here on Monday morning by ten, and if we would kindly send the carriage to meet the train she would be very much obliged.

Now to *any one* who does not keep a servant, company on washing day means general discomfort and the old remains of yesterday's leg of lamb, but to have Aunt Jane, who was the terror of the whole family was even worse than ordinary circumstances of this kind. But what must be, must be, so I accepted the inevitable and saved the best portion of the boiled ham for Monday's dinner, and made everything ready for the washerwoman.

On Monday I arose early and went into the pantry to make something for dessert.

I had decided that vanilla custard would be the only thing available and brought out my materials, when I discovered that the vanilla bottle was nowhere to be found. After a protracted search it was found scattered around behind the flour barrel, having fallen from the shelf and broken. As I was minus vanilla I had to take lemon, and snatching the bottle for fear that it might get away, I hastily turned out a tea spoonful and then set it away.

I had been in hopes that the washerwoman would arrive early, but luck was against me and it was eight before she appeared with a strong aroma of whiskey clinging to her dress to inform me in unsteady tones that little Tommy had turned the faucets and filled the tub with cold water and it would be half an hour before she could begin. Smothering a strong inclination to cry I told her to begin as soon as she could and went to get the custard to bake it.

Upon entering the pantry I saw a furry tail disappear through the open window and a plate fly out to the floor. On further investigation I found that the family cat had taken a mean advantage of the open window to steal in and get on the outside of the plate of carefully reserved ham. But if in her flight she had not knocked a cupful of yeast into the custard I would not have felt so bad, but this was the unkindest cut of all. It seemed to me that the family reputation was lost, for I well knew that Aunt Jane would note all defects and noise them abroad, supplementing in a pitying tone "I always told James that Lonisa Jones wouldn't be no kind of a manager, none of them Jones's ever was." But I put a brave face on for I knew that my action must be prompt and I must not lose my wits at this critical moment, so I resolved to go down town, buy a spring chicken (how many springs better be left unsaid) and some fruit (which would probably be stale) for

dessert, so I swiftly put on my hat and jacket and started. I purchased the chicken (called so by courtesy only) and the fruit and was returning home thinking that my difficulties were beginning to lessen when the clock in the church near by struck ten. This startled me so that I almost dropped my basket, for this was the time at which the carriage should have been sent.

Visions of Aunt Jane sitting up in awful dignity waiting for the carriage, and the thinly veiled contempt with which she would regard the excuse for leaving her which I should be obliged to make in order to prepare dinner, poured in upon me until I would fain have found a hole, crawled into it and let Aunt Jane shift for herself. But I did not give up to these reflections long, the carriage must get there sometime, so I hurried home and ordered the horse harnessed.

With a sigh of relief I saw the horse trotting down the walk ten minutes later, and turning from the window I sat about fixing the chicken. The morning wore on, the washerwoman cleared up and departed, the chicken roasted in the oven and I had time to cool my heated face and tidy my dishevelled hair.

Eleven struck and then the half hour, by this time I was getting worried, visions of John's being drunk and letting the horse run away flashed through my brain when to add to my fears the bell was rung and a telegram was handed me. I paid the boy and collapsed into the nearest chair to read. It read thus:—

Detained on account of Bobby's illness. Expect us next week.

Wicked as it may seem I was so thankful when Robby's illness took a turn for the worse and prevented Aunt Jane from leaving him for a month, that I wished I could find some way in which to celebrate the joyful occasion.

But of one thing I am sure that if, when Aunt Jane sets the next date for her arrival, if it be a wash day I shall not take the trouble that I did this time, for even Aunt Jane's inuendoes and sneers are preferable to such another day as that.

A. D. E.

A WORD OF ADVICE.

"I'm gettin' old — an' that's a fact,
It's queer how time does fly,
A man don't quite learn how to live
Before he has to die.

"But gettin' old and bein' old
Are two quite different things,
An' any man that's got good health
Aint sighin' after wings.

"So keep your health, good friends, I say,
No matter what the cost,
The time and money spent that way,
You'll find is never lost."

A VISIT TO A ROMAN CAMP.

(Selected from Class Work.)

One morning, the first rays of the sun stealing through my closed blinds, found me seated at a small table, earnestly studying the Caesar lesson for the day; the text had been nearly mastered and all the difficult constructions explained, when, yielding to an irresistible impulse to let my head drop, sleep soon overpowered me. Under the influence of that mysterious power that had closed my eyes, I was transported, in my thoughts, to that part of Gaul and to those scenes of military activity of which I had been reading.

I saw before me a smooth hill, on the gently sloping side of which was an extensive encampment, with its rear on the summit and before its front, a portion of the descent. On its westerly side was a small stream and behind, were woods.

The camp, which was rectangular in shape, was well fortified by a wall or rampart of

earth strengthened by logs and bundles of brush extending entirely around it. On the top of the rampart, with wide gaps between, were placed pinnacles, and at intervals, towers of wood. At the foot of the wall was a ditch or *fossa*, I should judge about nine feet in width and seven in depth, with sloping sides.

I recognized before me a Roman camp, the exact counterpart of the one of which I had been studying in the early morning. While looking for an entrance, in the hope of obtaining admission, I heard voices, and presently two men came into sight, one of whom as I afterwards found out, was Titus Labienus, a *legatus* of Caesar; the other I inferred was a Gaul recently enrolled in the service of the Roman army.

The two men, speaking in the Latin tongue, were interestedly engaged in conversation, and, my attention being attracted, I found to my great delight, that I could understand what they said. Taking my Caesar note-book, which was already well-filled with Latin discourses and the results of my inductive work, I recorded the substance of their remarks which, when translated are something as follows: Labienus was saying,

"Yes, this is the favorite position for a Roman camp, on the side of a hill, *loco superiore*, where wood and water, both so essential to the soldiers, are near at hand; but suppose we enter now, here by this gate, which we call the *porta principalis sinistra*."

Accordingly the two went in, I, having received permission, following. When we entered, I found myself on a broad street, which I afterwards learned was the *via principalis*, whence I could look over the entire camp. Men were mounting the wall by means of steps made of brush. Around the camp and at the foot of the rampart, was a thoroughfare more than a hundred feet wide. On each side of the street on which I stood

were tents of the shape of huts, made of skins or leather.

"It must take several days to build such a camp as this," said the Gaul, "I should think it a waste of the soldiers' strength, and they will need all the energy that they have in a few days, if I am not mistaken."

(Dear me, thought I, I hope they are not going to have a battle!)

"You are much mistaken," replied the Roman, "It takes only about four hours to build such a camp as this, and it is part of our system of discipline to keep the soldiers at work most of the time." (Perhaps after all, the life of the Roman soldier is more irksome than that of the boy or girl who is obliged to read about him in Caesar, thought I.)

"You will notice" continued Labienus, "that the part upon the left of this street is one of the great sections of the camp. It is called the *praetentura*."

"Who occupies the tents next the wall, and what is the name of this street which divides the *praetentura* into two parts?"

"The street which forms the divisions, my friend, is the *via praetoria*. In the tents next the wall are stationed the cohorts of which I told you, about one tenth on each side. In the centre of the division are the horsemen, one fourth on each side, with the archers and slingers, and these tents next the *via principalis* are occupied by myself and brother *legati* with the *tribuni militum*. Let us enter one of them and I will introduce you to some of your superior officers."

I was left alone. The *via praetoria* must lead to the centre of the camp," thought I, I would follow it.

Presently I entered a large enclosure, which was evidently in the middle of one of the sections of the camp, for on each side were tents, arranged much like those of the *praetentura*. In this wide space I saw altars

and several large tents, which I thought might be occupied by the commander-in-chief and his aids. But in the hope of finding some one to explain what I saw around me, I retraced my steps, and had proceeded but a short distance, when I came upon my former companions.

"Yes," said Labienus, "this is the *mid-camp*, the *latera praetorii*. The tents which you see on your left are those of the cohorts and horsemen. On the right of the camp are similar ones, and in the centre is the *praetorium*, occupied by the general and his staff."

We soon entered another road which I learned from my companions was the *via quintana*, and I saw more tents and another space rather smaller than the former one.

"And who is stationed in this section, which I believe you said was the *retentura*?" asked the Gaul. "I am impatient to see the quarters of my companions."

"This enclosure is the *quaestorium* where the *quaestor* has his quarters, and these tents are occupied by the infantry and auxiliaries. Here we shall find your countrymen. Unless you wish to see the captives which are stationed by this gate, we will go to them now."

"But, first, tell me how many gates there are."

"Four, the *porta praetoria* in front, the *porta principalis dextra*, and the *porta principalis sinistra* at the terminations of the *via principalis*, and this gate here, at the rear, the *porta decumana*."

With this volley of hard words they left me. Turning to follow them with my eyes, I saw a flag displayed from the *praetorium*, and in another instant was startled by a loud trumpet blast and the heavy tread of many feet. I started to run, when—I awoke, somewhat dazed, and with my ears full of confused noises, yet with a vivid picture of a Roman Camp before me.

M. E.

A VISIT TO THE SEASHORE.

It being so warm at home, we determined to go to the seashore for two or three weeks. After much discussion we decided upon Cape Porpoise, where we had been the summer before.

We started early at about eight o'clock in the morning, in order to reach our destination at noon. After a very pleasant ride through country scenes, we stopped at the Langsford House, which was within a few rods of the sea.

After partaking of an excellent fish dinner, papa borrowed a friend's dory and rowed us up Turbet's Creek to Turbet's Cove, where he secured his sail-boat which had been stored for the winter, and hired, from Mr. Schmidt, a dory for my use.

I must say a word, right here, about Mr. Schmidt. He was a German, having come to New York when a small boy. Here he married and continued, for several years, his business of keeping a sail-loft. About thirty years ago, the doctor told him if he wanted his wife to live he must leave New York at once. He told him she could not live more than two months there, but if he moved away to some place near the ocean, she *might* live three years. He came immediately to Cape Porpoise, and set up in the fish business. His wife is alive now and in perfect health.

Papa took the sail-boat in tow and told Mr. Schmidt he would return for the dory on the following day. By the time we had returned to the landing, the tide was out too far to row any more that afternoon. Papa and my brother, having fastened the boats, remained on the float to "rig up" and clean out the sail-boat, while my mother and I proceeded to the piazza to renew old acquaintances and make new ones.

At the sound of the supper bell we all hastened to the dining room, very hungry.

After tea we proceeded to the store and post-office combined, where, in true country fashion, can be bought cloth or groceries, soda or vegetables, boots or chocolate, while waiting for the mail. On our walk back we picked handfuls of lovely wild roses which grew luxuriantly by the roadside.

When we reached the house we went directly to bed, being fatigued with our day's journey and exercise.

The next morning we decided to spend the day at Trott's Island, and about half-past eight started out, taking our dinner in two large baskets. My brother, one of my friends and I went in one dory, and three or four girls, in another boat. We first went to the beach on the ocean side of the island and rambled around for awhile. Then we took some tin pails we had brought, and went to the northeast side to gather raspberries which grew there in abundance. This took up the remainder of the morning, as we worked leisurely. Nothing particular happened during this period. When we had picked our pails full, we returned to the beach and ate our dinner on the piazza of a small house built by some college boys. We ate heartily, as the sea-breeze had given us a good appetite. After dinner we gathered some fir-balsam and then sat down at the foot of a great pine tree to read the books we had brought. At about three o'clock we started for the hotel having had a very pleasant time, and, reaching there, played some games in the parlor.

Two or three days later, we spent the morning on Vaughn's Island picking blueberries and hunting for "lucky" stones on the beach. In the afternoon we went over to the lighthouse and saw some fine surf.

Quite often we rambled in the fields near by and searched for wild strawberries which were abundant. Here also the red lily grows in profusion.

One day at low tide we walked up the banks of the creek, and procured some bolts and pieces of wood from an old wreck on Green Island, but for some reason unknown to us had been towed up the creek.

One Monday, quite a number of young people, myself included, went to Stage's Island, bathing, using thus the greater part of the afternoon. In the evening we had a delightful sail around the harbor.

The night before returning home a huge bonfire was made of all the old fence-rails and hogsheds that could be found.

We were very sorry to return home having spent such a pleasant vacation.

We remembered and talked of this summer outing for more than a year and shall be glad to spend another vacation at Cape Porpoise.

MATHEMATICAL CORNER.

SCIMUS UT PRODUCIMUS.

It is intended by those in charge to devote a small space each month to mathematical work. It is requested that neighboring schools send us problems for solution, and solutions to problems published in our paper, and that scholars in our own school having any very difficult problems hand them to the editor in charge of this department for publication.

Address all communications to

GEO. H. CLOUGH,

P. O. Box 588.

John wanted to get married. He asked the minister's advice and the following is a part of their conversation:—

Minister.—How old are you, John?

John.—I am half as old as my father.

M.—How old is your father?

J.—He is two years older than my mother.

M.—How old is your mother?

J.—She is twenty-three years older than my oldest sister.

M.—How old is your oldest sister?

J.—She is two years older than my youngest sister.

M.—How old is your youngest sister?

J.—She is four years older than my oldest brother.

M.—How old is your oldest brother?

J.—He is five years older than my youngest brother.

M.—Now, John, please come to an end; how old are you all together?

J.—The sum of the ages of us five children is seventeen years less than the sum of the ages of my father and mother.

From this conversation find John's age; also, the age of each member of the family.

To prove that—

In an isosceles trapezoid each base makes equal angles with the legs.

Solution to Geometry problems published in No. 1.

Show that the bisectors of the angles contained by the opposite sides produced, of an inscribed quadrilateral, intersect at right angles.

We have the inscribed quadrilateral $FQRS$. By producing the opposite sides, we have the angles HGI . Bisect these angles and mark the bisectors BH and AI , designating the point where they intersect by O . To prove the angles formed at O are right angles. Mark by K the point where AI cuts the circumference, and by E the point where HS and AJ intersect.

Proof: The angle FIA is measured by $\frac{1}{2}AF - \frac{1}{2}RK$.

The angle AIQ is measured by $\frac{1}{2}AQ - \frac{1}{2}KS$.

(An angle formed by two secants is measured by one half the difference of the intercepted arcs.) Therefore, since the angle $FIA =$ the angle AIQ , $\frac{1}{2}AF - \frac{1}{2}RK = \frac{1}{2}AQ - \frac{1}{2}KS$, or $\frac{1}{2}AF + \frac{1}{2}KS = \frac{1}{2}AQ + \frac{1}{2}RK$. The angle HEO is measured by $\frac{1}{2}KS + \frac{1}{2}AF + \frac{1}{2}FR$, and the angle HLO (L representing the point where HQ and AI intersect), is measured by $\frac{1}{2}AQ + \frac{1}{2}RK + FR$. (An angle formed by two chords, intersecting within the circumference is measured by one-half the sum of the intercepted arcs). $\frac{1}{2}FR$ is common, and we have already shown that $\frac{1}{2}AF + \frac{1}{2}KS = \frac{1}{2}AQ + \frac{1}{2}RK$, hence the angle $HEO =$ the angle

H L O, being measured by halves of equal arcs. Therefore, since in the triangles H L O and H O E the angles H E O and H L O are equal, and the angles L H O=E H O, the angle H O L=the angle H O E, (if two angles of a triangle are equal the third angles are equal). Therefore the angle H O L and H O E are right angles since they are equal and the sum is the straight angle L O E. And the angles L O B and B O E, the vertical angles of the angles H O E and H O L, are right angles.

Q. E. D. by "C. G. Herbert."

Solution of $x^2+y=7$

$$x+y^2=11$$

y in the first equation= $7-x^2$. Substituting this value in the second, we have

$$x(7-x^2)+^2=11$$

$$x^4-14x^2+x=(-38)$$

$$x^4-14x^2+x+38=0$$

Factoring this, we have

$(x-2)(x^3+2x^2-10x-19)=0$. Then either $x-2=0$ or $x^3+2x^2-10x-19=0$. Making either factor equal to zero will satisfy the equation; solving for $x-2$, we have $x=2$.

$$x-2=0$$

$$x=2$$

Substituting $y=3$

Ans. $x=2$

$$y=3$$

"Oregonian."

MAXIMS IN FRENCH.

On rabaisse souvent ce qu'on ne peut atteindre.

Les apparences sont trompeuses: bien fou que s'y fie.

Les lecons ne corrigent pas les defauts naturels.

La vraie amitie ne saurait subsister qu'entre egaux.

Il ne faut jamais rein entreprendre d'important, sans en bien considerer les suites.

TIMELY QUESTIONS.

Among the timely questions discussed since our last issue are the following:—

What is the Single Tax theory?

Who is its most noted advocate?

What taxes would the supporters of this theory have abolished?

What is the "sweating" system?

What distinguished English historian died recently?

PERSONALS.

'83

Miss Ellie Jackson is with Copeland & Bowser.

'84

John B. Lewis, 3d, is completing his studies at Harvard College.

'86

Miss Helen Wilson and Miss Mary G. Wakefield are both teaching in this town.

'87

Will Killam is now employed on the ranch of P. R. Eames in Glendive, Mont. Miss Mamie Vermille is with Copeland & Bowser.

'89

Charles W. Parker recently read a very fine paper on "Honesty," at the Guild of The Good Shepard.

Arthur J. Davis has been obliged to discontinue his studies at the Berkeley School, Boston, on account of trouble with his eyes.

'91

Miss Gertrude Dempsey has recently accepted a position as teacher at the Haverhill Street School.

Carl L. Mason is a window decorator in one of the leading grocery stores in Boston.

Miss Mable Richardson is employed as

book-keeper for Rothwell & Co., Arch St., Boston.

Albert O. Wight is in Boston studying architecture with Mr. George E. Abbott.

Miss Grace Bancroft and Miss Hattie Oakes are both employed at Damon's, Reading.

Frank Bessom is with Copeland & Bowser.

Will DeRonde is employed by Charles Damon & Co.

'92

Miss Beatrice Gilson is attending the high school at Wellesley Hills.

'93

Louis Milbury, is a necktie cutter at Joseph S. Temples.

Fred Bent of '88, and Wallace Roby of '86, are about to start for the West in company with several other young men. They intend to work on a large sheep ranch.

Miss Grace Twombly of '90, and Miss Frances Ruggles of '91, are both employed at the Chronicle Office, Reading.

'94

Carl G. Parker is working for Albert Hallet, Printer, Arch Street, Boston.

LOCALS.

—The company now drills in the open air.

—Annual prize drill April 29th, in Lyceum Hall.

—The flag has been repaired and will once more wave over our school house.

—Walter Eaton has probably taken the first swim of the season. It was involuntary, and consequently unsatisfactory.

—The pupils have the use of Lyceum Hall to drill in until the prize drill, April 29th. Both girls and boys are improving this opportunity.

—A class of six commenced this term the interesting study of Botany.

—Henry Sanborn, R. H. S., '91, recently took third prize in declamation at Dartmouth. His selection was, "Hannibal at the Altar."

—The Sophomore class has now a page of Cæsar a day for a Latin lesson. In some respects brilliant classes are unfortunate.

—At the second soiree held Friday evening, March 11th, one of the features of the programme was a prize drill by a squad of picked men commanded by Capt. Hawes. The silent drill was especially good and very interesting. The prize, a bouquet of pinks, was awarded to Private Sweetser. The judges were Capt. L. G. Bent, Adj. W. A. Bancroft, Sergt. Maj. Ira C. Gray.

—On Friday evening, April 1st, a number of scholars of the Reading High School attended the prize speaking contest of the Waltham High School, where Mr. Butler, formerly principal of the Reading school, is now teaching. Mr. Whittemore, the present principal, acted as chairman of the judges.

—One of the boys had his razor stolen by burglars a short time since. For a few days he was obliged to endure the most excruciating torture. He's all right now, however, for the burglar has returned the razor. He must have attempted to shave with it.

—The prize declamation contest in Lyceum Hall, March 18th, was well attended, notwithstanding the disagreeable weather. The first prize for girls, \$10, was awarded to Miss Blanche Copeland; the second, \$5, to Miss Mabel Temple. Walter Eaton received the first prize, \$10, offered to the boys, and James Killam, the second, \$5. Miss Marion Dewey and Newell H. Hawes received honorable mention.

—On Tuesday, March 29th, the company had a prize drill. The judges were Capt. A. C. Anderson, Lient. C. M. Greenough, and H. C. Smith of Wakefield. The drill was one of the best of the year. After a sharp contest between Sergrts. Gleason and Bancroft, the former was pronounced the winner with Bancroft a close second.

—Monday, April 11th, at twenty-three minutes past four in the afternoon, a fine specimen of the *mus musculus* was seen near the waste paper basket in the large room. He was pursued and, by the almost superhuman exertions of three persons, was at length captured. He was then enclosed in a strong cage and placed on exhibition.

—Friday, April 1st, the R. H. S. R. S. held its first meeting of the term. As is provided by the constitution, the business was the election of officers. The following officers were elected: President, F. B. Wight; Vice-President, Grace Parker; Secretary and Treasurer, N. H. Hawes; Executive Committee, J. E. Marshall, Miss A. M. Robinson, W. P. Eaton; Music Committee, Marion Copeland, Chester Kingman, Lucy Poore; Accompanist, Marion Prentiss. These officers will serve for the remainder of the school year.

—The last meeting of the R. H. S. R. S. of the term was Friday, March 18th. The programme included a prize drill by the young ladies, the result of which was Miss Marion Copeland, first, Miss Sweetser, second, Miss Prentiss, third. Miss Copeland received a bouquet of roses as a prize. The following received mention, by the judges appointed, as having attained some degree of proficiency in their parts:

In declamation.	In composition.
Miss Eaton.	Miss Robinson.
Miss Sweetser.	Miss Merrill.

CLIPPINGS.

“Capital punishment,” so the boy said when the school-mistress seated him with the girls. — *Bazar*.

One reason why the children thirty years ago were so much better behaved than those of to-day is that the people who tell about it were children years ago. — *Atchison Globe*.

Baseball is older than we thought, as a squint at history has made apparent. The Emperor Domitian occupied his leisure moments catching flies.

He didn't want to call the other fellow a hog, but he said if he was smoked and sliced up he would make good ham sandwiches.

ITEMS.

There are students from fifteen foreign countries at Yale. — *Yale Lit*.

MY LILY.

My love is like the lily,
So beautiful, so fair;
She bears herself so daintily,
With such a queenly air.

But, as I am a poor man,
To love her is a sin.
Alas! the lily toils not,
And neither does she spin.

—*Muse*.

THE LAMENT OF THE LATE RISER.

'Tis dark. It seems
As if't were early morning.
Half thoughts, half dreams,
Into my mind are swarming.
Upon my ear,
A deep-toned knell is falling.
I wake, and hear
The bell to chapel calling.
I rise and dress,
For haste its sounds betoken.
My shoes, I — bless,
For now the string has broken.
I'm late. A cut
Is added to my sorrow.
The chapel's shut!
I'll rise at six to-morrow.

— *Dartmouth Lit*.

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CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL	5
PROPHECY	7
HOMERIC TYPES OF CHARACTER	8
R. H. S. ALPHABET	9
X-RAYS	10
MY NOCTURNAL ADVENTURE	11
WANTS OF THE SOPHOMORES	13
A JUNIOR GIRL'S ADVENTURE ON A BICYCLE	14
MUSICAL TALENT IN THE R. H. S.	14
R. H. S. LUNCH COUNTER	15
PHYSICAL TRAINING	15
A TRIP FISHING	16
SCHOOL STATISTICS	17
GRADUATION PROGRAM	17
LOCALS	18
GIFTS TO THE R. H. S.	19
TWO METHODS OF STUDY	19
WEBSTER'S FIRST BUNKER HILL ORATION	20
COURSES OF STUDY	21
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS	22
SCHOOL COMMITTEE	22
LIST OF INSTRUCTORS AND PUPILS	22
ALUMNI	27

EDITORIAL.

Although it has been some time since we have had the pleasure of greeting you through these columns—and, indeed, the time has seemed long to us, even though it may not have to you—we fondly hope that you will welcome us back, and indulgently smile on our efforts. It was not a lack of desire to please you by editing this sheet which caused our temporary retirement from the literary world, nor yet was it an undue reticence to display our talents to the public—we are none of us afflicted in that way; but it was that painful and all too common ailment, lack of funds. An unappreciative world has deliberately refused to bestow banknotes upon us, so we have punished it by turning our backs. But once more begging your kind indulgence, we bow before you.

* * *

In presenting the commencement number of the PIONEER to the public, it is our desire to please and interest everyone. The purpose of the paper is not only to awaken an increased interest on the part of the pupils in composition, and to afford them practice in high school journalism, but to serve as a medium of communication between the school and the public. The large circulation of this issue of the paper, and the generous assistance of our advertisers, will enable us, also, to cancel the indebtedness of last year.

* * *

The importance of the study of English in our high schools is more widely recognized than ever before. It is necessary in the teaching of English to adopt some definite system of instruction, in order that the pupils may attain a reasonable degree of accuracy and fluency in the use of their native tongue. During the

present year, one period a week has been devoted to instruction in composition. In connection with the work a course of reading has been pursued. Each class at the beginning of the year was given a list of about forty well known books, written by the best English and American authors. From the list given to his class each pupil could choose such books as suited his taste. Every student was required to read one book each month, and to write an article once in two months, based upon the book as a whole, or upon some one of the principal characters in it.

The purpose of this course has been to cultivate a taste for standard literature, and also to obtain practice in composition.

* * *

We can hardly overestimate the value of a good education. Perhaps no one ever felt the lack of education more than did that unfortunate Queen of France, Marie Antoinette. Left by her mother during her childhood to the care of royal governesses, who cared more for installing themselves in the good graces of the princess than for supplying her with knowledge, she grew up with only a very deficient education.

Afterward, in the gay court of Paris, surrounded by people of the highest intellectuality, she often had cause to regret the time that she might have spent in study. She was often ridiculed, and even made the laughing stock of the French court, on account of the neglected state of her mind.

It has ever been said that the lack of education was one of the causes of the unlucky queen's downfall. Had she had a mind stored with knowledge, and acquainted with the history of former nations, she might better have known how to govern her own land.

While this illustration is drawn from royalty, yet it is the testimony of men in every station of life that a good education is of inestimable value; and that a lack of it is a hindrance to usefulness and advancement, if not a cause of failure.

Therefore, as pupils let us avail ourselves fully of the opportunities offered us to acquire an

education, and show our appreciation of them by faithfulness to our school duties.

* * *

We wish to call the attention of our readers to the courses of study pursued in our school, published elsewhere in this number. There are at present four courses open to the pupils, the English, the Latin-English, the Classical, and the Institute. The English course pays particular attention to the study of English, French being the only other language required; the Latin-English introduces the study of Latin; the Classical includes the studies required for entrance to college; while the Institute takes only such studies as are required for the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

The classical department was established in our school only about eight years ago; but the number of pupils that have taken this course, and the creditable standing that they have uniformly maintained in other schools is sufficient indication that our school is fulfilling the requirements of the colleges for admission.

* * *

We are wont proudly to say that we have made a great improvement in singing during the past year or so; and with certain modifications, this is true. Our chief fault is that we do *not* improve in the matter of watching the conductor. This is not due to any lack of Svengali-ism on his part, but to a persistent self-reliance on ours. It is quite clear that the school believes in the maxim, "Every man to his mind," and follows it determinedly. Nevertheless, our improvement has been marked — thanks to our very efficient instructor — and we hope that we shall continue to improve the quality of our singing, until multitudes throng under our windows at music periods, and passers-by stand enthralled by our Orphean strains. If we all exert ourselves a trifle, no doubt this desirable state of affairs will exist in the near future.

* * *

The mathematical department also has shown

great improvement this year. The course now includes the most advanced requirements for admission to the Institute of Technology, covering solid geometry and advanced algebra the last year for those that have taken mathematics the preceding years. In connection with this subject may be mentioned the new method of teaching geometry. The pupil is obliged to prove all his theorems, instead of learning the proofs from a text book. Thus it becomes more than a matter of memory only; the pupil must think for himself, and cannot demonstrate a proposition until he thoroughly understands it. This method has been tried with very good results in many places, and has given complete satisfaction in our school.

* * *

This year the classes in drawing have astonished the school by their proficiency. The subject of projections was studied during the first part of the year, and the progress made in this rather difficult branch was surprising. But a greater surprise was occasioned the school when representation was taken up, and numerous works of art in brown and black crayon ornamented the walls of our temple of learning. The decorative work which followed was also good. We are glad to notice the many excellent drawings. This is a pleasant and, in many respects, a practical study, and should be fully appreciated.

The cover of this issue deserves special mention, the design being chosen from class work. It is a very fair specimen of Mr. James Alger's drawing through the year. The artist should be warmly congratulated on his success.

* * *

One of the essential elements of a good school is loyalty; but perhaps there are pupils who do not know fully what is meant by this term. Certainly when a pupil says, "I don't care about the standard of the school; I am as indifferent to my work and to my relations to the school as I dare to be," that person is not loyal; he is selfish, unfaithful not only to his school, but to himself.

There are many who realize the worth of a school and are anxious to make it as profitable to themselves as possible. These surely raise the standard of the school, but the down-pull of the selfish, unpatriotic pupils, who are negligent in the performance of their duties, may seriously affect the progress of the school.

Pupils thus exert an influence, good or bad, upon the school. They co-operate with teachers in their efforts to maintain a high standard in the school, or they, by their unpatriotic conduct, are a hindrance to the progress and welfare of the school.

Loyalty to school means loyalty to one's higher self; it demands not only the manifestation of the spirit of a learner, but also willing obedience to all rules established for the good of the school, a firm adherence to the truth, and politeness of conduct in all the relations that pupils sustain to one another and to their teachers.

PROPHECY.

Once again I paused and wondered
As I oft had done before,
What my classmates then were doing
Far upon the homeland shore,
While in Paris I was wandering
Through the Exposition buildings.
Years had passed since we had severed
Ties that bound us in our class-life,
Yet my thoughts turned often backward
To those dear old friends beloved.
Through the long rooms slowly walking
Soon this sign my eyes attracted:
"Futures told with great exactness
By the well-known famous Steer."
In I went, in quest of knowledge
Of the classmates who had parted
One June evening in old Reading.
When I passed within the portals
Stood an aged man before me.
When I told what I had come for,
One keen look, then silent turning,
Into a darkened room he led me.

Now began the wondrous story
 Of the famous ninety-sixers.
 Strange and full of great surprises,
 Yet with some a glad fruition
 Of the youthful promise given.
 First he told me of Miss Copeland;
 How she went to teach the heathen,
 Leaving home and friends and kindred;
 How on Africa's coast she landed,
 Never fearful of the dangers
 That she found on every side.
 Much amazed was I at this news,
 But much more at that which followed;
 For he said that Richard Hussey
 Contemplated preaching, too.
 Then the old man turned and told me,
 In a tremulous voice, yet clear,
 Of the Misses Beal and Harris,—
 Of the crowds they were attracting
 In large cities, by enacting
 Parts as Portia and Helena,
 And of others, fair and virtuous.
 Then I asked about Miss Isbell,
 Famed for our salutatory.
 She a maiden tall and slender,
 Had the noble gift of language,
 So she teaches French and German
 In the college at Northampton.
 Emma Burgess, our musician,
 Has become a famous teacher,
 Trained by years of faithful study
 In the lands across the waters.
 Now I hear of Chester Kingman,
 Senator at Washington.
 Very smart was he in Civics,
 Fond of questions for debate.
 Then I thought he'd go to Congress
 Should he ever have his due.
 Mr. Pillsbury's a professor,
 Teaching French and mathematics
 In the famous M. I. T.
 Then the old man spoke of Gertrude,
 Who in Boston now is studying
 In the school of Oratory.
 In her youth she showed this talent
 And in public oft declaimed.
 On and on the old man hurried,
 Hardly stopping till he'd ended

With the classmates still so dear.
 Edith Barrows, a great cyclist,
 Has a school for ladies free,
 Where they learn to ride the "Safety"
 Gracefully and easily.
 Thought I then of little Florence,
 For great friends were they as maidens,
 Sitting side by side in school there
 Drawing pictures of the pupils.
 As her life's profession took she
 Work in oils and water-colors,
 And in Italy now studies.
 In the city of old Boston,
 In a home for little wanderers,
 Is Miss Choate, the loving matron.
 At her right hand is Miss Parker,
 Gay and giddy girl in school life,
 But become a noble woman,
 Much beloved by those about her.
 Still remains a bright young fellow,
 Known as Joe by all the school boys.
 To some day become a lawyer,
 He in Harvard has been studying,
 Solving puzzling legal problems.

Joyous then I left the dark room,
 For my heart was full of gladness,
 Thinking that my friends and classmates
 Were such noble men and women.

HELEN A. PARKER, '96.

HOMERIC TYPES OF CHARACTER.

(ABSTRACT.)

The Homeric poems are considered far in advance of the popular ballads of any modern nation in reach of thought and richness of phraseology. They are a work of great imagination, with characters naturally drawn and finely discriminated, reanimating the age of Achaean heroism.

Homer has been very successful in tracing certain types of character, which even now stand before the imagination of the world. Achilles, who is considered by critics to be the hero of the Iliad, is the type of heroic might, violent in anger and sorrow, yet capable of tender compassion. Also, in the character of Thersites, the

poet has stamped qualities which are especially distinctive.

The Homeric types of women, also, are remarkable for true and fine insights. Andromache, the young wife and mother, who, in losing Hector, loses all, awakens our curiosity and our pity; Helen, also, clear sighted, remorseful, and appreciating any kindness shown to her at Troy, perfect in grace and accomplishments, is restored to our favor. She appears to be one of those ideal creatures of the fancy, over which time, space, circumstance and moral probability hold no sway.

The divine types of character are marked as clearly as the human. Zeus, the powerful ruler of Olympus, is intolerant of competing might, and manageable only by flattery and by appeal to his emotions. Hera is the proud and jealous queen, ever ready to find fault with whatever Zeus undertakes. Apollo is the minister of death, the prophet, active in upholding the decrees of his father, Jupiter, and never at variance with him. Athene, the goddess of war, art and industry, unlike her brother Apollo, is often opposed to the purposes of Zeus.

Many beautiful scenes, filled with pathos, are pictured in the Iliad. Especially touching is the farewell of Hector and Andromache. The latter is overcome with grief, clasping lovingly the hand of her husband for the last time. The infant child, fearing the glitter and clash of the armor, shrinks from the father's arms.

The speeches of the Homeric personages express the attributes of the speakers. Illustrative of this is the great speech of Achilles, in the ninth book, of Odysseus and Ajax, who have come as envoys to him from Agamemnon, entreating him to return to battle.

The Homeric outlines of character, in all cases, are especially distinct, yet the poet leaves to the reader a certain liberty of imagination to fill them in to satisfy his own ideal.

FLORENCE E. MCINTIRE.

(One of the young ladies in geometry class) "This ratio is represented by the Greek letter which means 'pie.'"

R. H. S. ALPHABET.

A is for Amsden, a belle of the school;
Governed by conscience, she minds every rule.

B is for Burnham, in football so fleet;
Oft in the evening he walks Salem street.

C is for Connelly, the funniest kid,
Count on him always to do as he's bid.

D is for Dyer; the wheel she doth ride —
Into high fences how gracefully glide!

E is for Edna, who dwells far away;
Though she owns horses she's *late* every day.

F is for Frank,— quite a driller they say,
So very attentive to learn all he may.

G is for Grace. O'er her mates she doth soar,
Bearing class honors; how can she ask more?

H is for Houseman, our Cicero star,
Who in declensions exceeds us afar.

I is for Ida, our dear little child,
Loved by us all, though just a bit wild.

J is for James-John, gigantic pair,
Who spend much time in arranging their hair.

K's for the Kingmans,— a triplet they make.
Brains are their birthright; they all take the cake.

L is for Leon, who gives us surprise,
Winning in drill, sure, whenever he tries.

M is for Myra,— sometimes she's called Mike,—
Love of cold water endangers her "bike."

N is for Nellie, who has a back seat;
There she is able to stand summer's heat.

O stands for cipher; if one's in our school,
Sure he's no blockhead and neither a fool.

P is for Pillsbury, Parker and Pratt;
Peas in one pod, but unlike for all that.

Q's for my queen; she's a person of fame.
Ah! you're just dying to find out her name!

R is for Rob, a smart Sophomore man;
Hardest task learned is to shirk when he can.

S is for Stella, our Senior so fair.
Bright sparkles a *gem* 'mid the curls of her hair.

T is for Taylor, whose surname is "Duck."
 Strange, in his fishing he never has luck.
 U is for union, a virtue profound.
 'Twixt upper classes 'tis too seldom found.
 V is for Vera, our Senior so gay,
 Gracious to all, somehow making her way.
 W is for Walter, who much needs a *check*.
 Send one sufficient to take him through "Tech."
 X is Xperience, which '97's had;
 Welcome, vacation! you make our hearts glad.
 Y's for You, reader; forgive, I entreat!
 Muses, like mortals, have oft, limping feet.
 Z's for a graduate, no matter who.
 Name her I will not, because — I'm all through.

ROY E. PARKER, '97.

Some of the Uses of the X-Ray in the Public Schools.

A New York paper recently published an imaginary X-ray photograph of a goat. The picture was entitled, "Why Billy died — told by the X-ray," and the stomach of the animal contained all manner of indigestible articles, from boots to a clothespin. Aside from the use of the ray in post-mortem examination upon quadrupeds in a few years we shall witness its employment in many scientific experiments upon living animals of a higher order. Probably its greatest sphere of usefulness will be in the public schools.

Methods of examination may be greatly improved. The present form of test is unfair to the pupil, for although it does not display all his knowledge, it is quite certain to hit upon the points which he does not know, and thus show all his ignorance. The X-ray test would be conducted somewhat in the following manner: A pupil is asked to step to the examination room, and with no friendly "helps" nearer than his own desk, the X-ray is applied by the teacher, and the exact amount of Latin, Greek, and mathematics which his head contains is at once visible. In this way no opportunity is offered for surreptitious alteration of papers after the correct answers have been announced. The

work is quickly accomplished, the examination of each pupil occupying less than a minute.

The next decade will know nothing of irate parents raving over the injustice and partiality displayed upon report cards. Instead of a definite report by percentage, an X-ray photograph of the brain of each pupil will be sent to his parents, who will judge for themselves of the standing of their child.

As an aid in disciplining, the rays would be invaluable. It might be well to keep an outfit for producing the rays in every room in the school for use at times when personal investigation would be unwise. For instance, should a desk cover be suddenly raised and sounds of suppressed snickering be heard, the ray would disclose with unfailing accuracy the funny picture which causes the disturbance, and should it be desired to find the offender who drew the picture, it would be necessary only to project the rays about the room, when they would show the effect of the guilty action upon the culprit's brain. The tardy pupil will find a half-open door but a filmy screen for such antics as he may execute for the edification of his companions in the schoolroom. A wise teacher would periodically take a ray survey of the school as a whole, that any incipient insurrection might be nipped in the bud.

The method of examining teachers now in vogue will become a thing of the past. Instead of an ordinary photograph, which is apt to be deceptive, a teacher will apply with a picture of that part of her brain which contains her knowledge of the science or language which she desires to teach. For instance, an instructor in mathematics would present a view of a brain filled with cube roots, logarithms, and Pythagorean demonstrations.

Sometime, pupils will be fairly examined, correctly marked, and higher standards of morality and justice will prevail in our schools than ever before, because of this wonderful discovery.

A., '98.

Wanted — Parents to visit the Reading High School. All are cordially invited.

MY NOCTURNAL ADVENTURE.

Tom was cross. He really was undeniably so, or I never should have had my adventure. You see, Tom was home from college on a vacation, and father and mother were away, so we had dinner early and spent the first part of the evening in the kitchen, making candy. It was very good candy, and Tom ate too much, which made him ill-tempered; and I will confess that I was a little bit cross, too, from standing so long over a hot stove. So we squabbled steadily for half an hour, though it was Tom's first evening home; and we were glad when we heard someone ring the door bell.

It proved to be Tom's old crony, Billy Jackson, and his sister, who had come up to ask us to their house for the evening. I never could bear Billy Jackson, and his simpering little sister makes me tired; so I said I had a headache—which was true enough—and couldn't go. Tom was glad enough to go, and that made me crosser than ever.

"Just like a boy," thought I, "to go off and leave his sister all alone; the very first evening he was home, too! And yet he said this afternoon that I was a great deal prettier than either of the Jackson girls!"

Full of indignation at Tom's unbrotherly conduct, I stepped out on the piazza, and wandered up and down, very lonesome and very cross. I decided that I had been foolish to believe that Tom really thought me prettier than the Jackson girls, although he volunteered the opinion without my saying anything about it. I declared that he was the most ungrateful mortal that ever lived, when I had burned my hand and just about scorched my face on such a hot night, making candy for *his* delectation. (I wanted it just as much, but I failed to remember that.) And meditating in this ungracious strain, I strolled aimlessly out of the garden path and down the street.

It was a warm night, but the street was almost empty. The blue-white glare of the electric light, now rising, now falling, was a refreshing change from the softly shaded light of the lamps within, and had a much cooler effect. I

wandered along, unconsciously in the direction of the Jackson's house, until, without noticing where I had come, I brought up in front of the High School building.

Belford is a small place, and this schoolhouse is just an old fashioned wooden one. The lower floor is occupied by grammar schools, but the second and the third are the undisputed realm of the High School. The pupils all sit in the hall on the second floor, an apartment which is large and rather barren, and known as the "big room." Some attempt has, in years past, been made to decorate it, and when it is filled with scholars it has quite a cheerful air; but when no one is in it but yourself, it looks inexpressibly bare and large.

Some slight repairs had been going on, and a ladder leaned against one of the big room windows, carelessly left by one of the workmen. A daring impulse came to me, and following it, I ran swiftly up the ladder and stopped before the window. Much seaside rock-climbing and stepping about in a small boat had made me very sure of foot, and I had not the slightest fear. I had a struggle with the window which nearly lost me my balance; but I finally opened it, and in a moment I stood in the gloom of the big room.

For a moment I was tempted to basely turn and fly. If the room looked big and barren in the daylight, what was it at night, with no light at all save where that from the electric lamp came in at one end, contrasting uncannily with the total darkness all around, and lighting up the plaster features of one of the busts of the room in a way that was most ghastly? But I conquered this cowardly inclination, reflecting what glory it would be to say that I had been in the schoolhouse alone, at night, and had climbed a ladder thirty-five feet long to do so. I endeavored to appear to enjoy myself, although there was no one to see me, and sitting nonchalantly on the sill of the window I had just entered, swung my feet and looked about me. In a moment I heard a loud thud below me; I knew before I jumped down and looked out of the window what had happened; I had pushed the ladder down!

I endeavored to look the situation in the face. I was all alone in the second story of a great school building, thirty-five feet above the ground. The doors, of course, were all locked, and the windows down stairs were always left fastened. Even if they were not so, they were too high to reach without a chair. The building was in total darkness, and I had not so much as one match to lighten it. If I called, the policeman, far down the street, would come, and as likely as not arrest me for house-breaking; for was not a schoolhouse a house? Then I thought of Tom, and I blessed him for going to the Jackson's, for he would have to go home past the schoolhouse.

I went to the window where the light came in and looked at my watch; a quarter past eight. Tom would surely not come home before ten, and probably not until half past. Two hours and a quarter to wait, all alone, and at night, in a big, empty, pitch-dark school building! The prospect was not inviting. I stood at the window nearest the light, as being the most cheerful, and looked down the street. Ever so far down I could see the Jackson's house, brightly lighted, with the doors open on the big, inviting piazza; and I reflected that the oldest Jackson girl was really not so bad, and that I should be glad to hear even the youngest one's simper. I thought of what fun Tom must be having down there; and how good the candy on the library table at home must be; and then, growing pensive, I thought, what if I never get out of this alive? for the next day was Saturday, so there would not be any school, and if I couldn't attract anybody's attention I might starve to death before Monday. And then, I reflected, Tom would wish he hadn't gone off and left me all alone, and be sorry he was so cross, although it was possible that I might have been a little less cross myself. I began to wish ardently that I had been. I ruminated over our last quarrel before the Jacksons came, and found that it was really my fault. So I continued to meditate, and so my meditations continued to grow less and less agreeable, until I was called back to myself by the coldness of the night wind on my arms; for, as I said, the night had been very warm and I

wore a light muslin. I looked down, wondering why I did not hear the measured pacing of the old Irish policeman up and down his beat, when, to my surprise, I saw him gazing open-mouthed up at the window where I stood.

I stepped back hastily into the shadow, and waited perhaps three minutes, when suddenly an overmastering desire to know the time came over me. It grew and grew, with the unreasonable persistency of such wishes, until I could not endure it a second longer. I stepped forward into the light again, but before I could look at my watch I heard an ear piercing shriek, followed by a torrent of Irish supplications, below me, and saw the old policeman turn and fly in an agony of fear. The truth flashed into my brain. The old Irishman was as superstitious as any of his race, so, very naturally, he fled at what he thought was a ghost.

I felt like anything but an object to inspire fear, but it really was no wonder that, on seeing a white-gowned figure appear and vanish so suddenly at the window of an empty building, all his inborn superstition should awaken to terrify him. If I had called, it would probably have been worse instead of better for me, for then he might have been too frightened to come back; as it was, he would probably hasten to the nearest house for a defender, or else summon a brother policeman.

I fell to counting up the places where he might stop. The next house was the Blake's; they were taking an early trip to the mountains, and the house was shut; then came the residence of the Misses Peters; they were two maiden ladies, and hadn't a man in the house, so they were out of the question; opposite them was an art studio, which was always shut at night; so (O blessed relief!) the nearest house at which he could ask assistance was the Jackson's, and either Tom or Billy would be sure to come. And Tom, being a favorite with the old fellow, would almost certainly be preferred to Billy. My heart felt about ten tons lighter than before. I stood in the shadow, so as not to frighten the poor old fellow into fits when he came back, and watched. The time seemed intolerably long, although it couldn't have been ten minutes.

Now that release was so near, the thought of waiting in that detestable place for two hours more seemed unendurable.

At last two figures came up the street. One I recognized as the fat old policeman; if the other were Billy Jackson I thought I should be ready to die of shame to think that I refused to go to his house because of a headache, and then went visiting schoolhouses and climbing ladders! I strained my eyes, resolving that if it were Billy I would spend the night there rather than have him help me out. At last he came near enough for me to see his features; it was Tom. I could restrain myself no longer, and just as they entered the school grounds, I stepped forward and cried, "Oh, Tom, Tom!"

"Oh, misha! Mither of Moses! There it is again, and listen to the seraching of the cray-ture! The saints defend us! Sure I've been a righteous man all me days" —

"Hush, Pat. How in thunder did you ever get up there, sis? You've frightened Pat about to death. Here, old fellow, don't you see it's only Miss Polly?"

"The saints bless me sowl, so it is! Sure, thin" —

"Oh, Tom," I cried, "do take me down! I've been here ages and ages — ever since quarter past eight, and I can't stand it any longer! Do take me down, Tom! There's the ladder, under the other window."

"So it is. Keep up your courage long enough to shut all the windows, chick, and I'll drag it round to where it's light. Don't you worry, Poll; we'll have you down in a jiffy."

I protested against his taking such unnecessary trouble, but he was firm. I found afterwards that he was a great deal more afraid than he would ever own of my falling, if I came down in the dark. Perhaps *his* conscience had been pricking him a little, too, about being so cross, for he was distressingly tender all the rest of the evening.

I locked the windows I had opened, and left everything as I had found it, before I stepped out of the window and on to the ladder, which Tom steadied. My head swam a little, as I shut this last window, but I held tightly to the ladder

and went steadily down. When I got to the bottom, suddenly my strength failed, for it had been rather tried during the last part of that twenty-five minutes; and although I am very strong naturally, I fell into Tom's arms. His face was pale as I opened my eyes, and, as I said, he was very tender indeed for some time; but I was myself again in a moment, and ordered him back to finish his fun at the Jackson's.

"Not unless you'll come too," he declared.

"Oh, I couldn't," said I. "Think of how I told them I couldn't come before."

"Do you feel well enough?" said Tom.

"Oh, my, yes!" I answered.

"Then tell 'em your head's better," said he; "or if you don't want to, I will. They needn't know anything about this ladder-scaling business. I just told 'em that old Pat thought he saw a ghost," (Pat had left to pace his beat again) "and I'd go and quiet him. Will you come, sister?"

"Yes, Tom," said I.

And together we went gaily down the street.

GERTRUDE CURTIS BROWN, '98.

WANTS OF THE SOPHOMORES.

No finals.

Steam heat in the laboratory next winter.

A more cheerful view from the windows of Room 2.

Thirty-five Caesar ponies.

Carboys of pure sparkling water.

Thirty-five seats in the main room of the R. H. S.

Stilts for some of the boys of the class of '98.

A spring medicine to keep the girls from yawning during drill.

The holidays to come on other days than Saturdays and Sundays.

More anniversaries in the surrounding towns.

A clock in Room 2.

E. F. B., '98.

A Junior Girl's Experience on a Bicycle.

A TRUE STORY.

"Oh! those everlasting Juniors!"

"What's the matter now?" I asked, turning around and surveying my sister, who had just come in.

"Oh, nothing; only they are always trying to get up a sensation."

"What have they done so awful?"

"Well, you see," she continued, "one of the Junior girls has a wheel. She went down to Wakefield the other day. I don't see what she went down there for, anyway! Well, when she was coming back, at the head of the lake she passed two young men with bicycles who were resting on the side of the road. She was riding close to the track and as she was passing them she lost control of her bicycle (strange!); the front wheel caught in the track and over she went, wheel and all, into the lake. Of course the young men rushed to her assistance, while she just stood in the water and laughed. One rescued her, while the other recovered her wheel. After giving her plenty of advice which she accepted but did not follow, the young gallants rode away, while she hastened home. I declare I believe all she did it for was just to get up a sensation!" And Bess left the room, slamming the door behind her.

M. V. A., '96.

The Department of Music in the R. H. S.

We can scarcely overestimate the importance of good musical training in the public schools, and never, perhaps, has greater attention been given to this subject.

The number of those who truly appreciate good music increases each year, and while fifty years ago there were comparatively few who understood music and could read it well unless they had received the advantages of private instruction, we find the average pupil in our schools today not only appreciative but capable himself of presenting work of much merit.

Work of a higher order is each year expected and attained in our High Schools, and we feel that under the competent guidance of our Supervisor of Music, Mr. Frederic Archibald, of Waltham, that we have during the past two years been led to the appreciation of some of the possibilities before us as a school.

Although music has always been for us a regular study, more work is now being accomplished, we think, than ever before. Last year we received our usual weekly lesson from Mr. Archibald, practice drill being given once each week by an assistant teacher. This year we have been fortunate in having Mr. Archibald with us both days.

During the past two years various quartets have been formed of members of our school, who have presented some very creditable work, and have assisted in many of the entertainments given. The concerts of each year have given us a definite purpose and, we have been assured, have afforded our friends much pleasure.

The first concert, at which was presented the cantata, "The Wreck of the Hesperus," was held on April 16, 1895. The school was assisted by Mrs. Clara Tourjee Nelson of Reading, Mr. Sidney Howe of Melrose, Mr. John Craig Kelly of Boston, together with Mr. Archibald, to whom much of the success of the evening was due.

The cantata, "St. Cecilia's Day," was given March 27, 1896. This concert was considered a greater success even than the one of the preceding year.

The school was assisted by Miss Priscilla White of Boston, Miss Nellie Mae Holt of Winchester, Mr. John Webster of Reading, and an augmented chorus of the friends of the school. Mrs. John Webster served us most acceptably as accompanist at both concerts. We feel much indebted to all who have ever encouraged us by their interest and generous appreciation.

At present the scholars are preparing two pieces for graduation, "Children's Hour," by A. R. Gaul, and "Miller's Song," by Zollner. A semi-chorus of young ladies has been formed, who have also in preparation "Lullaby," by G. W. Chadwick, and "Down in the Dewy Dell," by H. Smart.

It is needless to say that there is still room for great advancement. Steady, persevering practice from week to week is all essential, and that, too, not by the few, but by every member of the school.

HATTIE J. AMSDEN, '98.

History of the R. H. S. Lunch Counter.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

MENU.

Ham sandwich,	.03
Hot chocolate,	.03
R. H. S. creamcakes,	.03
Soup and crackers,	.10

Hearing of the sumptuous fare of the Wakefield High School scholars who were blessed with a lunch counter, we could not rest until we were equally favored. So the proper authorities were consulted and it was decided to establish one in the basement of our school building.

For a day or two before it was ready we were disturbed in our hard studying by muffled hammerings in the lower regions. Occasionally one saw a pupil with yearning eye and hungry look steal down the cellar staircase to watch operations, while future salads, ices and other goodies appeared before her mind's eye outspread on the bare shelves. She who had such a weakness, however, was doomed to disappointment, for Mr. Hussey, who always has an eye to our welfare, decided to allow only food which nourishes the body and strengthens the brain.

At length all was in readiness. About 11.10 an exhilarating odor arose from the basement, which made the hearts of the pupils glad. At 11.20, when the principal, with beaming face, announced that lunch would be served, the smiles of the pupils were worth beholding.

The bell struck and immediately the room was deserted. What visions of great profits must have entered Mr. Nichols' mind as he saw that multitude pouring down the stairs! He who had no money came to see that his neighbor got a sandwich. Most bought chocolate, but the teachers set a good example by each buying a

plate of soup. Our minds were made up for plain fare, so when Mr. Nichols unexpectedly produced some *creamcakes* there was one grand exclamation. The way those cakes disappeared was a *caution*.

It is needless to say the scholars were very quiet and orderly, as they are on all occasions, and beyond an exclamation or two of this kind, "Hot, ain't it?" "Whew! this chocolate's hot, though!" "Any more creamcakes?" everything passed off well. The twenty minutes soon ended, and one by one the pupils wandered up stairs, and each took his seat with the satisfied air of one who has had a good dinner. The next day Mr. Whittemore complimented us upon our good behavior, but requested those who did not intend to buy dinner to remain upstairs.

For a time the lunch counter flourished. Trade in creamcakes increased—increased so much that it was said Mr. Nichols had to build a department expressly for their manufacture. As the weeks passed and the novelty wore off, trade decreased, probably on account of hard times, until finally Mr. Nichols received the patronage of not more than a dozen pupils each day, and was obliged to throw away the rest of the food prepared. Evidently the scholars were getting tired of having for one day sandwiches, chocolate and cream cakes; for the next, cream cakes, chocolate and sandwiches; and then chocolate, cream cakes and sandwiches. Of course, Mr. Nichols could not afford to continue business at such a loss. Thus ended the short but *sweet* career of the R. H. S. lunch counter.

Should any pupil wish to visit the lower regions of the R. H. S. sanctum to dream on the past, let him not disturb the mice which now dwell in the chocolate cups in the cold air box and feast upon the remnants of a few ancient sandwiches.

FLORENCE B. PARKER, '97.

PHYSICAL TRAINING.

Of late years physical training has come to mean a great deal more than ever before. Seeing the good effects upon the boys of the gymnastic drill, teachers who were interested in work

of that kind began to investigate systems of exercises for the girls with the result that today physical training is given to both sexes in nearly all schools. Even pupils of the primary grades have their special work in gymnastics, as the girls of the colleges have their physical exercises and games of basket-ball, tennis, and golf.

This physical training points to one end, — a change from mental work to physical, — a change which shall bring the blood from brains oppressed by hours of study, and send it dancing through the bodies cramped by improper ways of standing and sitting; which shall straighten bent shoulders, fill out hollow chests, and refresh and invigorate the whole system.

Physical training means the intelligent training of the body, — the symmetrical development of every part, and the proper use of that part, thus improving the carriage of the head and body, and restoring the proper circulation and the normal muscular tone.

Gymnastic drill has also its mental effect. A girl is taught that prompt and complete obedience is one of the chief points of her gymnastic work, as well as of her general school work. When a command is given it must be obeyed immediately; the pupil must learn to work in unison with others, to think and act quickly, and to concentrate her whole mind on the work before her, — or that work is a failure as far as she is concerned. Thus habits of prompt obedience are formed in school which are found very useful both there and in after life.

During the present school year the Swedish system of gymnastics was introduced under the supervision of Miss H. G. Brown, a graduate of the Normal School of Gymnastics. Twenty minutes of each day are devoted to invigorating and refreshing exercise. While the schoolroom is used for the daily drill, yet the space it affords is insufficient to give the best results. However, the work has gone on very satisfactorily.

The girls are organized as a battalion, with the following officers:

Major, Helen A. Parker.

Company A.

Captain, Grace E. Copeland.

First lieutenant, Hattie J. Amsden.

Second lieutenant, Louisa M. Whelton.

Company B.

Captain, Elsie W. Clark.

First lieutenant, Florence B. Parker.

Second lieutenant, Edith M. Sweetser.

Company C.

Captain, Lila H. Beal.

First lieutenant, Helen A. Brown.

Second lieutenant, Carrie W. McDonald.

Company D.

Captain, Stella L. Harris.

First lieutenant, Grace J. Abbot.

Second lieutenant, Bertha U. Brooks.

A system of composition work in connection with the gymnastics has been tried and is proving very successful. The girls are called upon in turn to write criticisms on the work of the different companies, and these criticisms both teach observance and give exercise in writing.

One more point may be spoken of in connection with this work, and that is, the effort that must be made by the pupil. It is true in other places as well as in school that all the teaching in the world can have very little effect unless accompanied by an effort on the part of the pupil to profit by it. If a girl does not care whether her body is erect and symmetrical, she is not very likely to be erect. If she does not care enough about the work to make an effort herself, the work done by others is not likely to be of much use to her. Therefore, girls, let us make up our minds to make the physical exercises of the R. H. S. the best of any high school in the country. Shall we?

HARRIETT MAY HYDE, '98.

A TRIP FISHING.

One morning in the early part of summer some of my friends and I went on a fishing trip.

As we were very thirsty while on the way to the Brooks where we were to fish, and as there was No-well near, we stopped at A-dam (s, in a river and quenched our thirst.

After walking a short distance we arrived at two dens, known as Harn-den and Ams-den.

Out of the latter Dan(came)forth, as Daniel in the lion's den. Dan was bringing with him, Whel(a)ton, more or less, of Broad pieces of Brown Flint.

We were about to Hyde when we saw that the great burden he carried was causing him to Dyer nearly die. As he had hurt his hand, we sprinkled some "Pillsbury's Best" flour on it to stop the flow of blood.

After the excitement was over we tried our luck at fishing, but found that it took Skill-en catching them.

Richard(s)son, who came from the "Parker House," saw Ellis-on the other side of the stream trying to Rob-(B)ert's fishline, and said, "Sweet-ser, Ellen-wood not like to see you Robin(the)son of an honest man." Ellis was not affected by this Pratt(le) in the least.

We found some wads that a hunter had lost, and were going to pick them up, when Gleason said, "What are Wads-worth without a gun?"

On starting for home the two Algers tried to Phillip(s) (fill up) on some Berry cake they had with them.

We had walked a short distance homeward when we came to a pasture where cows were grazing. A red shirt worn by one of our party startled the cows and two of them rushed at us at full speed. Their hasty approach caused one of the boys to cry "Killam!"

I hit the cow nearest me with a stone and she fell to the ground. To be Frank, we thought she was dead and we were about to Carter off when I saw a policeman Bob his head out and Peek through the bushes.

I cried, "Here comes the Cop(e)!" Land! how we ran. He caught us and we were held by a one hundred dollar Bond until the trial,

When we, the Class of '98,
Whose names you herein see,
And who have never had a mate,
Were then, once more, set free.

ARTHUR V. PILLSBURY, '98.

STATISTICS OF THE R. H. S.

The high school was established in 1856.

The first principal was Henry A. Littell, 1858.

The first assistant was Miss Emeline P. Wakefield, 1865.

The first class graduated in 1863.

The entire number of teachers that have been employed up to present time is 38.

The entire number of graduates since 1863 is 479.

Report for school year ending June 19, 1896:—

Number of teachers: male, 2; female, 4.

Entire number of pupils enrolled during the year: boys, 47; girls, 79.

Number of pupils in the following courses:

	Boys.	Girls.
Classical,	5	17
Institute,	5	0
English-Latin,	29	46
English,	15	9

Number of volumes in library, 250.

Number in school pursuing the following studies:

	Boys.	Girls.
Latin,	30	55
Greek,	5	17
French,	10	22
Algebra,	34	35
Geometry,	28	19
Astronomy,	1	4
Physics,	11	15
Chemistry,	5	6
Physical Geography,	3	8
Geology,	3	8
Botany,	5	9
Rhetoric and Authors,	21	25
English Literature,	4	12
History,	26	57
Civics,	1	4
Bookkeeping,	12	10

EDITH TEMPLE, '99.

GRADUATION PROGRAM.

Overture.

Invocation.

Singing—"Miller's Song,"

Zollner.

Salutatory and Essay—The Model Library,
Vera Bradford Isbell.

Oration—A Plea for Cuba,

Richard Byron Hussey.

Singing — Down in the Dewy Dell,
Henry Smart.

Essay — The Trial Scene from the Merchant of Venice,
Edith Barrows.

Valedictory Address — The Value of Character,
Grace Ethelwyn Copeland.

Singing — "The Children's Hour,"
Alfred R. Gaul.

Presentation of Diplomas.

Singing — "Lullaby," *G. W. Chadwick.*

LOCALS.

The Senior class in Greek have read the first four books of Homer's Iliad and the sixth, and have been recently reviewing Xenophon, with the Juniors.

Will some one of the Sophomores please inform us what a "stationary vibration" is?

Special credit is due to the Misses Skillen, Flint, Berry and Danforth, for their earnest and successful efforts in securing advertisements for this issue.

The enthusiasm of the botany class causes the unfortunates not in it envy and wonder. The eager botanists tramp miles, in rain and shine, for a specimen. They return in a bedraggled and weary state, but still supremely happy if they have found it. All flowers are fearfully and wonderfully made, they tell us, and moved by overpowering curiosity, without a pause for admiring its beauty, they cruelly dissect their treasure. Well, when we get there, we may understand.

A certain musical fowl has made herself unpleasantly noticeable during the morning periods. If something is not done about the matter, the owner may experience a loss.

If the Junior class are puzzled to know what to present to the school, we would suggest a set of mouse traps, as being inexpensive as well as useful.

For Sale or To Let — A back seat in good condition. The owner has been obliged to

move nearer the front. Terms cheap. Apply to "Duck."

There are plenty of "little brown jugs" hanging on the wall in the main room.

Our compositions are completed;
We ourselves are quite conceited
That what we wrote is just the stuff,
To make the paper quite enough.

Those wonderful Juniors have issued invitations for a "complementary" reception to the Senior class, June 19, 1896, at 9 o'clock.

Not desiring to be behind the times we, too, have a "poster." Have you seen it?

We are glad to notice the friendly relations between members of our school and the high school in our neighboring town.

Wanted — Fewer anniversaries in the surrounding towns.

Wanted — A new lunch counter and some more soup.

There is one toilet article which is very much needed and wished for by the young gentlemen of the school. That is a comb, and it is hoped that one will be purchased from the funds resulting from the sale of the commencement issue of the PIONEER. Please have it ready for use next September.

Wanted — Some of the time wasted by various members of the R. H. S.

Geometry Teacher: "Which angle are you talking about? This one, or that?"

Pupil: "No'm; the other."

First Pupil: "Here's a conundrum for you.

Where was H —, when the Cæsar exam was finished?"

Second Pupil: "In the soup."

The following was an excuse handed to the principal of the R. H. S by one of the young ladies for tardiness: "A combination of unprecedented lassitude and continual procrastination."

The day when the geology class visited the Natural History rooms will be remembered by

all with conflicting emotions. The only young man in the class was detailed to serve as escort to two of the more adventurous young ladies. [How we pity him! Ebs.]

Look out for the scholars of the physics class! They are studying light, and are apt to see things double.

A few days, and the Freshies are Freshies no longer.

The Senior class object to the motto, "*Festina lente.*" Why?

The lunch counter was, indeed, short and sweet.

Perhaps the young men will be kind enough to give the girls lessons in counting, this vacation, to help them in drill.

Information regarding the habits and diet of mice will be freely given to parties addressing C., '97.

Three of the young men of the Senior class took an early morning walk to Andover, May 20, where they spent the day witnessing the 250th anniversary of the founding of that town.

At least six of the Senior class are intending to pursue their education in higher schools.

The following young men have received the highest mark for excellence in the Setting-Up drill during this term: E. S. Taylor, F. E. Burnham, J. Mead Adams, L. O. Dyer, W. E. Pratt, W. S. Badger, Harold Parker, Frank Wadsworth, C. E. Prescott, Q. S. Brown.

The Sophomores have parted company with the rest of the school this year.—A good rid-dance.

Freshmen, take courage; you have only three years more of school.

GIFTS TO THE R. H. S.

Portraits, Bryant, Whittier, Class of '96.
Painting, Sunrise at Sea, Class of '78.
Picture, Lago Maggiore, Class of '67.
Engraving, Charles I Demanding the Five Impeached Members, Class of '98.

Engraving, Künigin Elizabeth von England.*
Engraving, Franklin before the Lords in Council, Whitehall Chapel, London, 1774, Class of '71.
Engraving, The Return of the Mayflower, Class of '79.
Engraving, Adieux D'Hector à Andromaque, Class of '80.
Engraving, Guido's Aurora, Class of '77.
Pictures, The Roman Forum, The Coliseum, The Arch of Triumph, Classes '92 and '93.
Portrait, Mr. Cole.
Picture, Two Spanish Girls, Class of '83.
Portraits, Longfellow, Lowell, Nathaniel Hawthorn, Class of '88.
Portrait, Columbus, F. E. Whittemore.
Bust, Longfellow, Class of '85.
Busts, Milton, Shakespeare, Class of '72.
Statuette, Minerva, Class of '73.
Bust of Webster.*
Bust of Agassiz.*
Walnut bookcase, Class of '75.
Clock, Class of '76.
Piano stool and cover, Class of '84.
Books of reference, Class of '86.
Books for library, Class of '87.
Revolving book-case, Class of '94.
Album of photographs, Class of '95.
French Dictionary, Class of '91.
Latin Dictionary, Class of '91.
Whittier's Poems, Class of '96.

MYRA K. PARKER, '97.

* Any information concerning the name of the donor will be gladly received by the Principal of the school.

TWO METHODS OF STUDY.

The methods of study in our R. H. S. are many. To give an idea of some of them, I will try to describe faithfully those of two young ladies, whom I will call Miss Ann Maria Hutchins and Miss Eliza Bartlett.

When Miss Hutchins goes to her first recitation in the morning, (that of English History), she is prepared on very little of the lesson. It so happens that she is the first one called upon to recite. She begins very confidently, thinking

that she is sure of *that* part, at least, as she has spent the whole of a half-hour on it. She recites very well for a time, but suddenly stops, confused, and says to herself: "Bother! what *does* come next? Does the king behead his subject, or does the subject behead the king?"

In the course of her recitation, she makes some rather astonishing statements; and, if she had been telling facts, they would have been rather startling ones. The teacher tries to control the muscles of her face, but she cannot help smiling.

"Consider a moment, Miss Hutchins," said she; "do you really mean that Queen Elizabeth reigned during the nineteenth century? You are only a little confused. How did you study your lesson yesterday?"

"Why," said Ann Maria, "I sat in the sitting-room and studied just two hours on this one lesson."

"Were you alone?" asked the teacher.

"No, the children were playing games in the same room, and then Mrs. X. Y. Z. came in for a few minutes and of course I talked to her for a short time."

"What had you been reading before you studied?"

"Oh, I had a lovely library book and I was reading the most interesting part when I had to leave it to work on my lessons."

"You need not tell me anything more, my dear Miss Hutchins, I see your trouble now. It is in your method. With your mind full of that story which you had been reading, you could not study your lessons as you should. I have found lately, some of your notes, scribblings, etc., on the school-room floor, and so I know how you spend your time here. I advise you to change your ways, if you wish to succeed in life."

After this talk, Ann Maria felt very much ashamed, as she knew that every word which the teacher had spoken was true. As she admired her teacher and respected her opinions she decided to try to do better, and to take for her example, Miss Bartlett, whose method was well known throughout the school.

This pupil studied faithfully, and, though by no means a model, was attentive to her work. She very seldom forgot a thing when she had

once learned it, and very often her friends would say to her, "How is it, Eliza, that you remember these details? We do not understand."

"It is very simple," she would say, in her laughing, cheerful way; "I just put my mind on the lesson and do the best that I can."

How to learn their lessons quickly, and yet to gain profit thereby, is a problem which is troubling many of our boys and girls, and I think that this is the solution of it. Let us only put our minds on our lessons and do the best that we can, being willing to spend a *moderate* amount of time on them, and we shall do more and better work in the coming year than we have done in the past.

MARY H. BARR, '99.

Webster's First Bunker Hill Oration.

(IMPROMPTU.)

Webster delivered his first Bunker Hill oration at the dedication of Bunker Hill Monument, on Breeds Hill, Charlestown, June 17, 1825, fifty years after the battle was fought.

The composition is one of the masterpieces of the language, the diction being intensely English. The subjects of the paragraphs are plainly set forth in topic sentences; the thoughts follow one another smoothly and logically. The paragraphs are thus models of unity.

Webster's imagery is clear, strong and beautiful, and adds much to the finish of the composition.

His addresses to the "Veterans" and to Lafayette are perhaps the most beautiful in the oration.

Webster alone was physically able to properly render his productions. If a simple reading of his works is able to deeply stir one, what must have been the effect when he gave them with all his great power?

A most vivid word picture is the one in which Webster contemplates the scene on board the ship of Columbus, the night before the Discoverer sighted the New World.

The part of the oration which treats of the erection of monuments is complete in itself. The oration should be read and re-read in every school in America, that the scholars may use it as a model of effective style. A. H. P., '96.

COURSES OF STUDY.

CLASS.	ENGLISH.	Months.	Ex. Weekly.	ENGLISH LATIN.	Months.	Ex. Weekly.	COLLEGE PREPARATORY.	Months.	Ex. Weekly.	INSTITUTE.	Months.	Ex. Weekly.
1	Algebra, English History, Rhetoric and Authors, Bookkeeping, Eng. Composition, Drawing,	10 7 10 3 10 10	5 4 5 5 1 2	Algebra, English History, Latin, Bookkeeping, Rhetoric and Authors, Drawing, Eng. Composition,	10 7 10 3 3 10 10	5 4 5 5 5 2 1	The same as the English-Latin.			The same as the English.		
2	Geometry, Rhetoric and Authors, Physics, Drawing, Eng. Composition,	10 10 10 10 10	5 5 5 2 1	Geometry, Latin, Physics, Drawing, Eng. Composition,	10 10 10 10 10	5 5 5 2 1	Geometry, Latin, Greek Drawing, Eng. Composition,	10 10 10 10 10	5 5 5 2 1	Geometry, Rhetoric and Authors, Physics, Drawing, Eng. Composition,	10 10 10 10 10	5 5 5 2 1
3	History, Chemistry, French, Eng. Composition, Geology, Phys. Geography, Botany,	10 5½ 10 10 5½ 4½	5 5 5 1 5 5	Gr'k & Roman Hist'y, Chemistry, French, Latin, Botany, Eng. Composition,	5 5½ 10 10 4½ 10	5 5 5 5 5 1	Gr'k & Roman Hist'y, Mathematics, Latin, Greek, Eng. Composition,	5 10 10 10 10	5 5 5 5 1	History, Mathematics, French, Chemistry, Eng. Composition, Botany,	5 10 10 5½ 10 4½	5 5 5 5 1 5
4	Literature, French, Political Economy, Astronomy, Civics, Eng. Composition,	10 10 4 3 3 10	4 5 5 5 5 1	Literature, French, Latin, Eng. Composition,	10 10 10 10	4 5 5 1	Literature, French, Latin, Greek, Eng. Composition,	10 10 10 10 10	4 5 5 5 1	Literature, French, Mathematics, Eng. Composition,	10 10 10 10	4 5 5 1

Instruction in music is given twice weekly during the course; exercises in physical training are required daily.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

By G. C. BROWNMORE.

ROSEBUD.—If the gentleman continues to press his suit by gifts of onions and cabbages, I should discourage his attentions, as these expressions are no longer in vogue in the politest society.

TULIPS.—I consider that the young man was lacking in consideration for your feelings, in deliberately turning the X-rays on your heart to see if he had melted it. If he does so again, tell him kindly but firmly that you can no longer be his friend. (2.) No. (3.) By all means. (4.) Thank you for your kind words.

LOVER OF MOONLIGHT.—The lines to which you refer as "surpassingly beautiful" are by myself, and read thus:

"The sun behind the clouds has sunk,
The moon shines o'er the lea;*
The pensive gondolier has come
To sing to you and me.
Blow, bagpipe, blow! set the wild lovers sparking.
Blow, bagpipe! Answer doggie, barking, barking."

*For reference see Webster's Unabridged.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

Walter S. Parker, *Chairman*.
Gilman L. Parker, *Secretary*.
Horace G. Wadlin.
Frank Parker.
Edward F. Parker.
Cyrus M. Barrows.

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS.

Charles E. Hussey.

READING HIGH SCHOOL.

INSTRUCTORS.

F. E. Whittemore, *Principal*.
Dora M. Sibley.
Helen E. Andrews.
Christina M. Scott.
Annie B. Parker, *Drawing*.
Fred A. Archibald, *Music*.
H. Grace Brown, *Physical Training*.

POST-GRADUATE.

Pratt, Mary L., *Class of '95*.

SENIOR CLASS.

Burnham, Frank E.
Hussey, Richard B.
Kingman, Chester E.
Pillsbury, Albert H.
Barrows, Edith
Beal, Lila H.
Burgess, Florence E.
Choate, Nellie B.
Copeland, Grace E.
Dockendorff, Mabel G.
Harris, Estella L.
Isbell, Vera B.
McIntire, Florence E.
Parker, Addie E.
Parker, Helen A.

JUNIOR CLASS.

Badger, Walter K.
Chandler, Arthur H.
Ellison, Elmer E.
Parker, Roy E.
Taylor, Edward S.
Abbott, Grace J.
Bancroft, Linnie J.
Brown, Helen A.
Chadbourn, Louise M.
Clark, Elsie W.
Dyer, Grace E.
Houseman, Louise C.
Kingman, Florence M.
Krook, Nellie L.
MacDonald, Carrie W.
Parker, Florence B.
Parker, Jennie B.
Parker, Myra K.
Pratt, Ethel N.

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

Adams, J. Mead
Alger, James A.
Alger, John H.
Carter, Albert A.
Carter, Frank C.
Carter, Robert A.
Copeland, George O.

Harnden, Edward E.
 Killam, Edwin F.
 Nowell, Ernest P.
 Parker, Harold F.
 Pillsbury, Arthur V.
 Pratt, Winthrop E.
 Wadsworth, Frank S.
 Amsden, Hattie J.
 Berry, Ethel F.
 Broad, Grace L.
 Brooks, Bertha U.
 Brown, Gertrude C.
 Danforth, Lulu A.
 Dyer, Pearl L.
 Ellenwood, Alice M.
 Ellison, Blanche M.
 Flint, Margaret
 Gleason, Florence G.
 Hyde, Harriett M.
 Phillips, Annie L.
 Richardson, Margie L.
 Robinson, Ida H.
 Roberts, Edna M.
 Skillen, Grace E.
 Sweetser, Edith M.
 Whelton, Louise M.

FRESHMAN CLASS.

Badger, William S.
 Barrows, Allan H.
 Bond, O. Leon.
 Brown, Chester W.
 Brown, Quincy S.
 Choate, Arthur A.
 Connelly, John E.
 Dewey, Harry F.
 Dyer, Leon O.
 Heselton, William S.
 Jewett, Robert A.
 Kidder, William H.
 Merrill, Elbridge C.
 Newell, Clinton S.
 Palmer, Harold V.
 Prescott, Carleton H.
 Sheedy, Joseph E.
 Spencer, Carl M.
 Swain, Percy A.
 Austin, Grace M.

Bancroft, Edna M.
 Bancroft, Mabel E.
 Barr, Mary H.
 Boyd, Marion F.
 Cullinane, Mary.
 Devaney, Mary J.
 Drake, Bertha F.
 Dyer, Josephine
 Eames, Edna B.
 Foley, Sadie B.
 Gleason, Ella M.
 Haley, Alice M.
 Harmon, Emily W.
 Hunt, Elvy J.
 Kingman, Blanche L.
 Kittredge, Louise H.
 McCrum, Grace M.
 Nichols, Lena B.
 Nichols, Grace B.
 Platts, Grace A.
 Pratt, Louise M.
 Richardson, Bessie H.
 Robinson, Helen
 Temple, Edith L.
 Wilson, Sadie B.

UNCLASSIFIED.

Bailey, Edna P.
 Hunt, Florence A.

 Reading High School Alumni and Instructors, from 1863 to 1896.

INSTRUCTORS.

Mr. H. A. Littell, 1856-58.
 Mr. P. C. Porter, 1858-60.
 Mr. R. F. Clark, 1860.
 Mr. L. B. Pillsbury, 1860-64.
 Mr. G. L. Baxter, 1864.
 Mr. C. R. Brown, 1864-65.
 Mr. G. W. Adams, 1865.
 Mr. E. H. Peabody, 1865-68.
 Mr. C. A. Cole, 1868-80.
 Mrs. Emeline (Wakefield) Barrus, 1865-66.
 Miss Ruth L. Pratt, 1866-67.
 Miss Mary H. Howes, 1867-70.
 Miss Josephine Nelson, 1867-68.

Mrs. C. A. Soule, 1868-69.
Miss R. L. Hoyt, 1869-70.
Miss S. E. Wade, 1871-72.
Miss M. E. Keith, 1872-77.
Miss Kate Tower, 1877-78.
Mrs. Mary (Stinchfield) Copeland, 1878-87.
Mr. George Perry, 1880-81.
Miss Emma Pierce, 1880-81.
Mr. E. P. Fitts, 1881-86.
Miss Cora Adams, 1881-86.
Mr. J. B. Gifford, 1886-88.
Mrs. Annie (Lawrence) Reiley, 1886-87.
Mr. W. R. Butler, 1888-91.
Miss Olive A. Prescott, 1887-93.
Miss Carrie E. Berry, 1888-93.
Mrs. Clara Whittemore, 1890-94.
Mr. F. E. Whittemore, 1891-.
Miss Cora S. Cobb, 1893.
Mrs. Anna (Holman) Armstrong, 1893-94.
Miss Helen E. Andrews, 1893-.
Miss Dora M. Sibley, 1894-.
Miss Irma G. Port, 1894-95-.
Miss Christina M. Scott, 1895-.

CLASS OF 1863.

Frederick Bancroft, Reading.
Esther Emerson, Reading.
Maria S. Parker, Reading.
Olena Wakefield, Brookton.

CLASS OF 1864.

Sarah E. Pratt, Reading.
*Emma Prescott.

CLASS OF 1865.

Emeline (Wakefield) Barrus, Goshen.
Ella M. Pinkham, San Francisco, Cal.
Mary (Brown) Burnham, Reading.
*Hattie (Weston) Gleason.
Lizzie (Wakefield) Heseltine, Reading.
Gilman L. Parker, Reading.
*Ruth L. Pratt.

CLASS OF 1866.

*Florence A. Buxton.
Clara (Richardson) Burleigh, Laconia, N. H.
Frederick O. Carter, Reading.
Priscilla Leathe, Reading.

Belle (Badger) Parker, Reading.
Edna (Barrus) Parker, Reading.
Melvina (Bancroft) Parker, Reading.

CLASS OF 1867.

Sarah E. Austin.
Evelyn Foster, Reading.
Julia (Weston) Martin, Reading.
*Josie Nelson.
Eliza (Norris) Talbot, Malden.
Ella (Kingman) Pratt, Reading.
Sidney P. Pratt.
Mary (Howes) Robinson, Reading.
Ella (Parker) Winship, Somerville.

CLASS OF 1868.

Clara Bancroft, Reading.
Austin Christy.
*Ella (Basset) Fox.
Sarah (Richardson) Morse, Reading.
Nathan Pratt, Lowell.

CLASS OF 1869.

Maria (Bancroft) Austin, Reading.
Abbie (Parker) Basset, Bridgewater.
Alice (Brown) Isbell.
Abbie (Perkins) Granger, Reading.
Celia (Temple) Graves, Reading.
A. Newell Howes, Reading.
Maria Lovejoy, Reading.
Phoebe (Harnden) Nichols, Reading.

CLASS OF 1870.

Herbert Barrows, Reading.
George Barrus, Boston.
Ella Clark, Reading.
Ida (George) Temple, Chicago, Ill.
Anna Hutchins, Reading.
Frank Hutchins.

CLASS OF 1871.

Frank Appleton, Lowell.
Sarah (Stoodley) Appleton, Lowell.
Lizzie (Clark) Brooks, Reading.
Lizzie (Burrill) Cook, Reading.
Margaret Clark, Reading.
M. Lizzie Day, Reading.

*Hannie Hill.

Wilder Moulton, Reading.
 Sarah (Weston) Pratt, Reading.
 William Ruggles, Reading.
 Arthur Temple, Reading.
 Abbie Wakefield, Reading.
 Ella Willcox, Malden.

CLASS OF 1872.

Hattie (Pratt) Allen, Berlin.
 Walter Barrows, Washington, D. C.
 Lizzie (Penney) Brooks.
 Mary Bucke, Wilmington.
 Nellie (Burrill) Cummings, Reading.
 Irving Converse, Nebraska.
 Emma Eames, Melrose.
 Louis Flint, Reading.
 Belle (Dinsmore) Gowing, Reading.
 Harley Gowing, Reading.
 Horace B. Holden, Melrose.
 Lillie (Loring) Holden, Melrose.
 Cynthia Hollis, Boston.
 *Addie (Howes) Pierce.
 *Charles Hutchinson.
 Gertrude (McIntire) Stiles, Lynn.
 Hattie (Parker) Sawyer, Faulkner.
 Mina (Hall) Ruggles, Reading.
 Jennie (Barrus) Temple, Reading.
 Ida (Basset) Upham, Dorchester.
 Eristina Whittier, Reading.
 Minnie Willcox, Wellesley.

CLASS OF 1873.

Morton Barrows, Omaha, Neb.
 Emma F. Eames, Reading.
 Ella (Wakefield) Hoffman, Reading.
 Ella (Safford) Holden, Reading.
 Lillie Minot, Exeter, N. H.
 Ella M. Nichols.
 Ella B. Parker, Reading.

CLASS OF 1874.

Ella (Melendy) Choate, Reading.
 Mary (Stinchfield) Copeland, Omaha, Neb.
 Nellie (Bancroft) Damon, Reading.
 Charles P. Foote.
 Oscar P. Foote.
 Sadie (Dewey) Barrus, Boston.
 Cora (Preseott) Nichols, Reading.
 William F. Nichols, Reading.
 Sadie (Lindsay) Parke.
 Lucy Wheelock, Boston.
 Lizzie E. Wilkins.

CLASS OF 1875.

Lillian (Cummings) Blanchard, Wakefield.
 Evelyn C. Bancroft, Maine.
 *Mabel I. Barden.
 Alice Barrows, Reading.
 Arthur A. Damon, Reading.
 Luther F. Elliott, Easthampton.
 Fred Gerritson.
 Henry E. Holden, Reading.
 Loea P. Howard, Hyde Park.
 *Abbott N. Hutchins.
 Gertrude R. Lovejoy.
 Lawrence B. Loring, Reading.
 George A. Manning, Melrose.
 Florence (Titus) Manning, Melrose.
 †Jessie E. MacDonald.
 Mary A. Marshall.
 Jennie (Lovejoy) Merrill, Reading.
 *Fred H. Morton.
 Clarence J. Nichols, Reading.
 Lizzie (Nash) Palmer, Reading.
 Justin L. Parker, Reading.
 Benjamin Smith, Reading.
 Vestina (Converse) Skillton.
 Ada (Elliott) Todd, Roxbury.
 Helen A. Whiting.
 Sumner A. Whittier.

CLASS OF 1876.

Lucy A. Barrows, Reading.
 Elmer J. Brown, Reading.
 Fred E. Brown, New York.
 Flora (Niles) Carr, Lynn.
 Maria W. Carter, Reading.
 Lillian (Gray) Howes, Reading.

Clarence C. Knight, Reading.
 Jessie (Stockwell) Manning, New York.
 †Addie L. Nichols, Wakefield.
 Carrie F. Nichols, Reading.
 Fred M. Phillips.
 William G. Willcox, New York.
 Minnie (Carter) Winship, Reading.

CLASS OF 1877.

*Helen (Ruggles) Beebe.
 Clara (Damon) Carter, Reading.
 Marion (Barrows) Crehoe, Salem.
 Lucy H. Damon, Reading.
 Carrie (Goodwin) Draffin, Reading.
 Hattie C. Emerson, Reading.
 Jennie (Corkins) Francis, Reading.
 *Estella (Batchelder) Gould, Andover.
 Jessie B. Grouard, Reading.
 Nellie L. Hill, Reading.
 Mary W. Howard, Hyde Park.
 *Henry W. Hyde.
 William E. Manning.
 Charles H. Parker.
 Jennie (Eames) Parker, Reading.
 Henry C. Parker, Malden.
 Sarah (Pearson) Peabody, Reading.
 Euley M. Sawyer, Reading.
 Fred. W. Vermille, Worcester.
 Emma (Dow) Warrant, New York.
 Walter F. Willcox, New York.

CLASS OF 1878.

Ada C. Andrews.
 Nellie (Blunt) Barrett, Reading.
 Kate L. Beard, Reading.
 Adelbert H. Carter, Reading.
 *William S. Carter.
 Joseph C. Clark, Reading.
 Sarah (Parker) Channell, Reading.
 Bertha C. Dole, Reading.
 Minnie K. Eames, Reading.
 Mary (Eaton) Tarr, Gloucester.
 George A. Forbes, Reading.
 Arthur J. Foster, Reading.
 Walter Gerritson, Waltham.
 *Angusta S. Hayes.
 George B. Holden, Reading.
 Lizzie (Cummings) Elliott, Roxbury.

Nellie S. Loring.
 *Maud F. Littlefield.
 William O. Richardson.
 Florence (Wilson) Stearns, Wakefield.
 Clara (Nash) Coolidge, New Jersey.
 Nettie (Skinner) Simpson, Reading.
 Mattie (Wilkins) Adams, Reading.

CLASS OF 1879.

Emma F. Adden, Reading.
 Emma (Manning) Armstrong.
 *Ida Clark.
 Anna Davies, Reading.
 Nellie (La Clair) Green, Wakefield.
 Hattie (Cook) Hanson.
 Emma Holden, Reading.
 †Almina Knight.
 Addie (Mitchell) Pratt, Reading.
 †Nina Morrill.

CLASS OF 1880.

Kate (Perry) Beasely.
 Helen (Barrows) Bursley, Peabody.
 Hannah (Hibbert) Bassett.
 Marcella (Clark) Barrett, Reading.
 Evelyn Converse, Reading.
 Guy C. Channell, Reading.
 Nellie (Brown) Danforth, Reading.
 Alice O. Dow, Reading.
 Elnora A. Emerson, Reading.
 Philip Emerson, Natick.
 George Hill.
 Mary C. Holden, Reading.
 Marcella (Colburn) Johnson, Reading.
 Edgar Knight, New Hampshire.
 Charles Loring, Reading.
 Hattie (Holden) Mason, North Wilbraham.
 *Josephine E. Melendy.
 Fannie Mitchell, Reading.
 Edith (Judd) Nichols, Boston.
 Annie P. Ried, Reading.
 Grace (Fletcher) Twombly, Reading.
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 H. Grace Brown.

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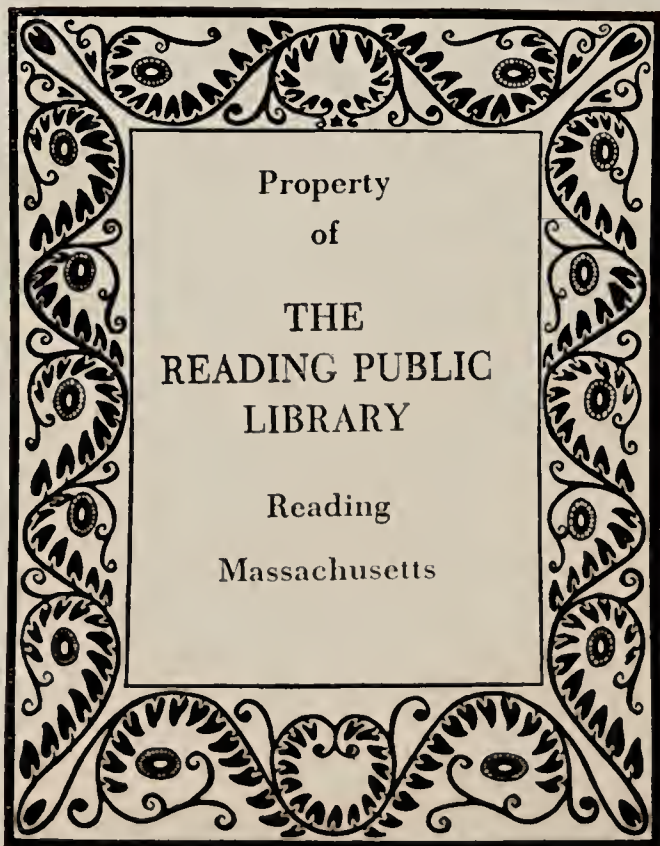
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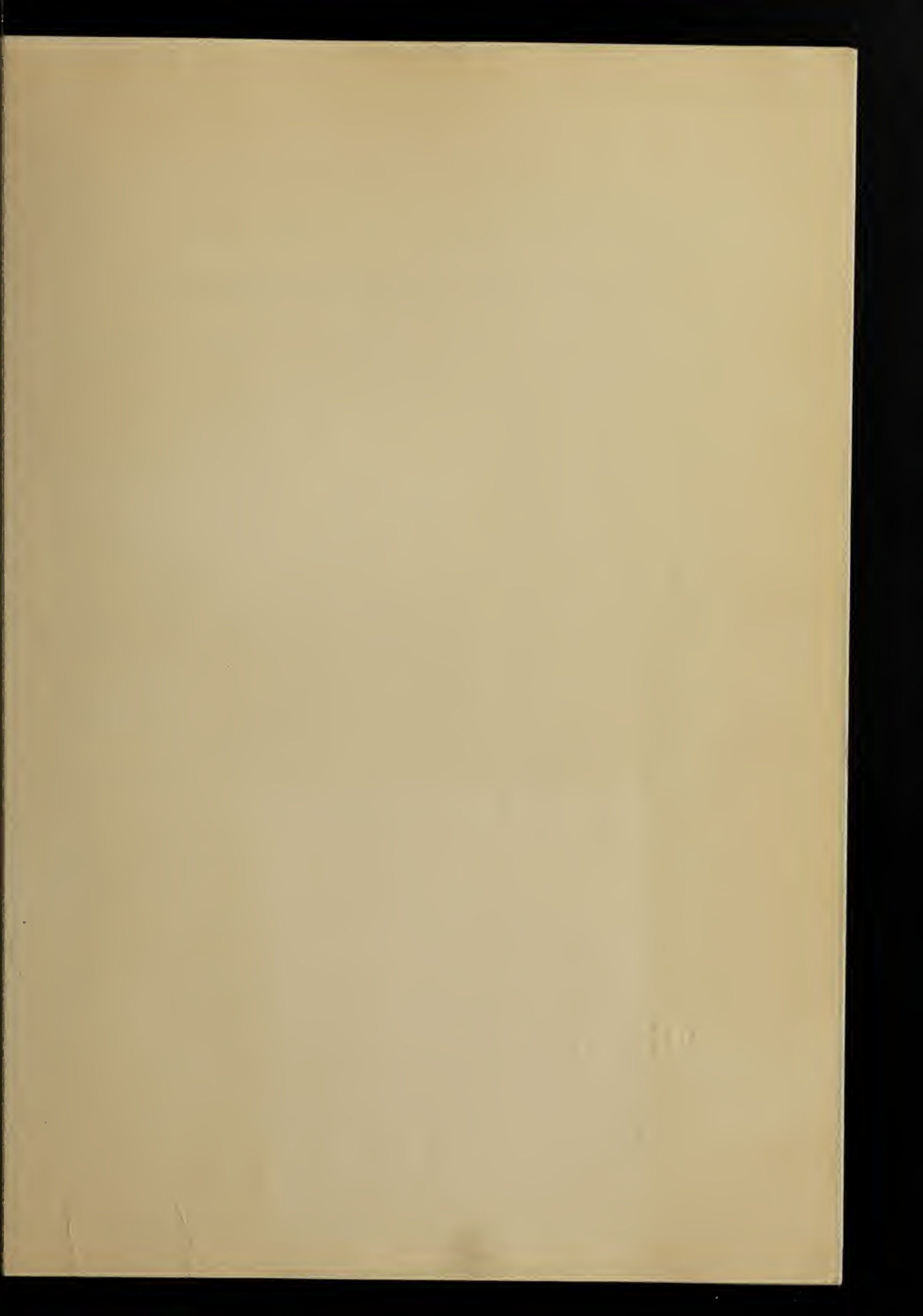
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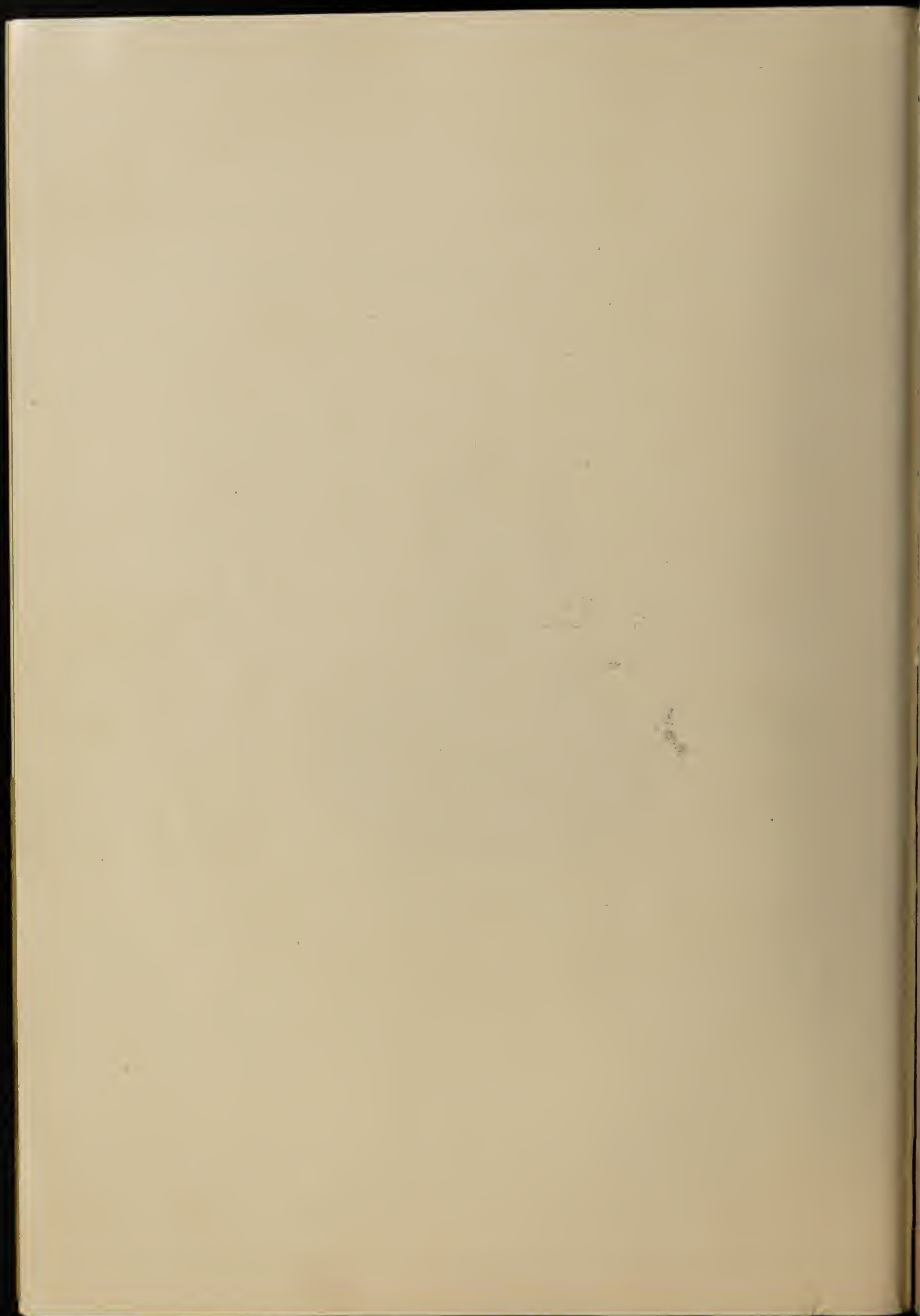
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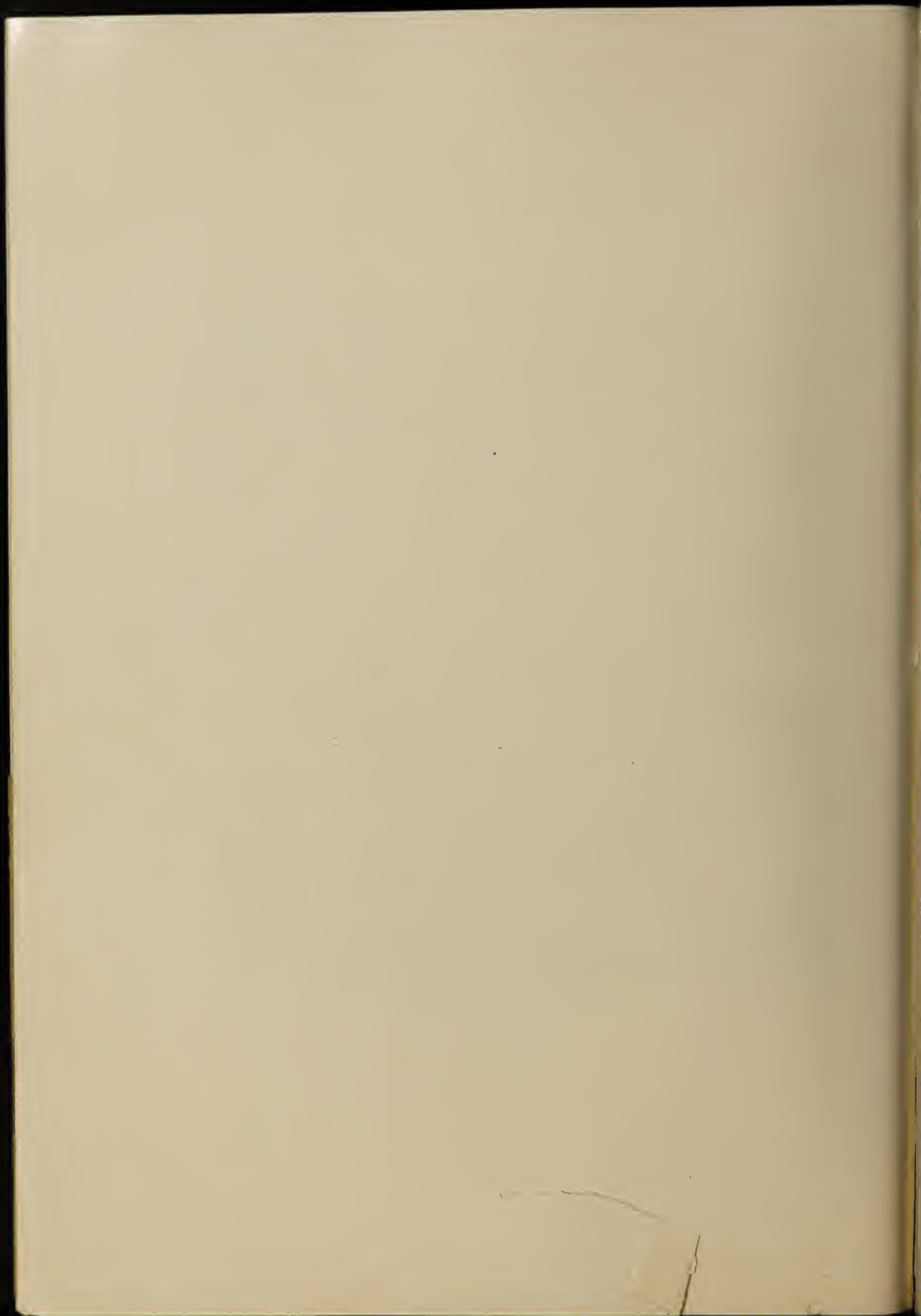


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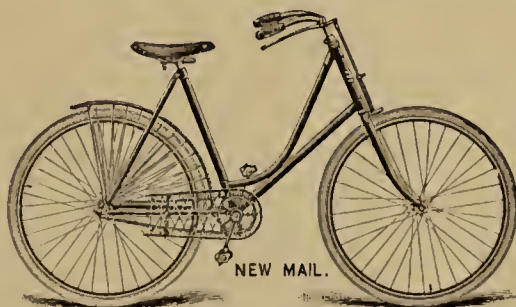
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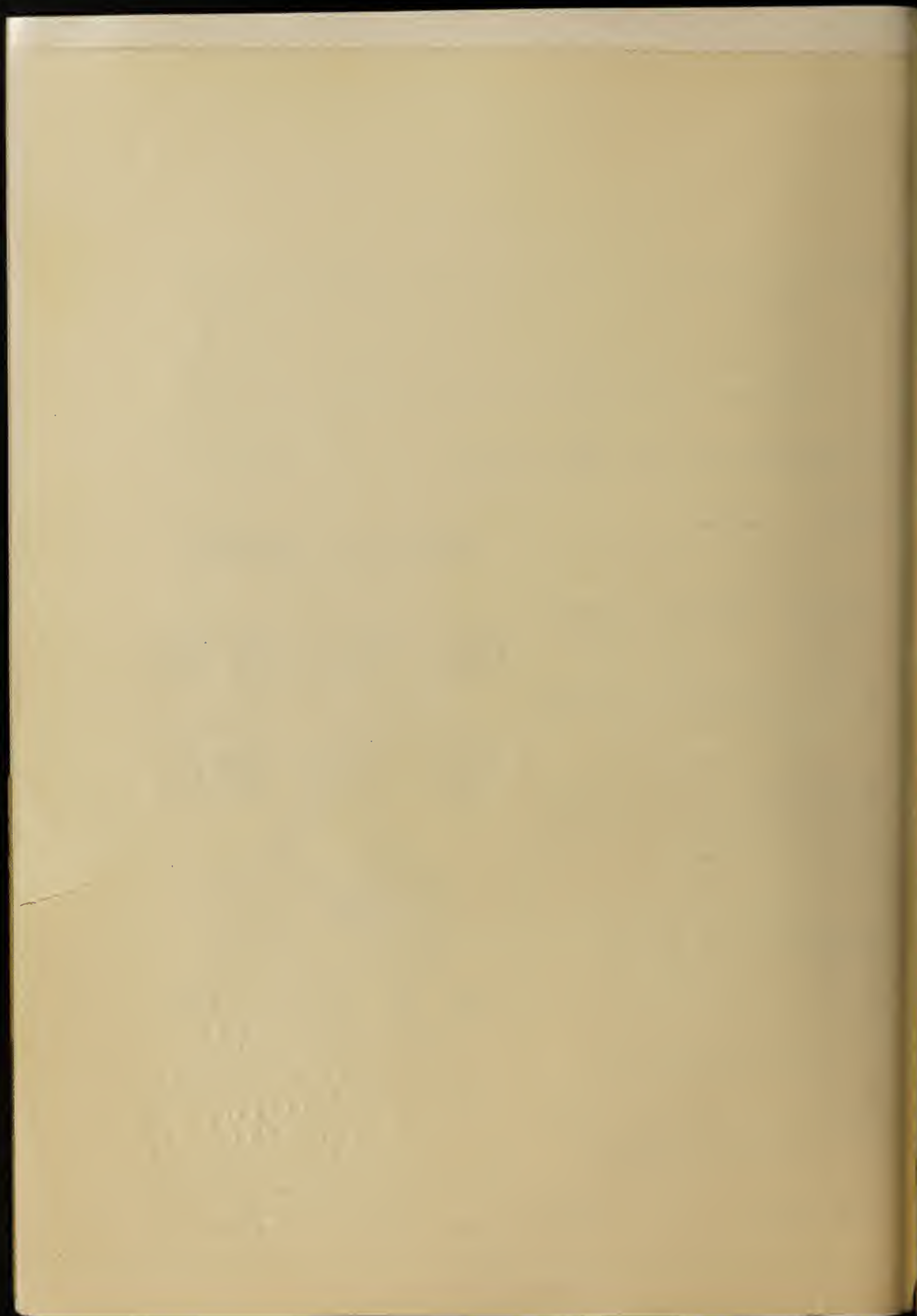
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CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL	5
PROPHECY	7
HOMERIC TYPES OF CHARACTER	8
R. H. S. ALPHABET	9
X-RAYS	10
MY NOCTURNAL ADVENTURE	11
WANTS OF THE SOPHOMORES	13
A JUNIOR GIRL'S ADVENTURE ON A BICYCLE	14
MUSICAL TALENT IN THE R. H. S.	14
R. H. S. LUNCH COUNTER	15
PHYSICAL TRAINING	15
A TRIP FISHING	16
SCHOOL STATISTICS	17
GRADUATION PROGRAM	17
LOCALS	18
GIFTS TO THE R. H. S.	19
TWO METHODS OF STUDY	19
WEBSTER'S FIRST BUNKER HILL ORATION	20
COURSES OF STUDY	21
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS	22
SCHOOL COMMITTEE	22
LIST OF INSTRUCTORS AND PUPILS	22
ALUMNI	27

EDITORIAL.

Although it has been some time since we have had the pleasure of greeting you through these columns—and, indeed, the time has seemed long to us, even though it may not have to you—we fondly hope that you will welcome us back, and indulgently smile on our efforts. It was not a lack of desire to please you by editing this sheet which caused our temporary retirement from the literary world, nor yet was it an undue reticence to display our talents to the public—we are none of us afflicted in that way; but it was that painful and all too common ailment, lack of funds. An unappreciative world has deliberately refused to bestow banknotes upon us, so we have punished it by turning our backs. But once more begging your kind indulgence, we bow before you.

* * *

In presenting the commencement number of the PIONEER to the public, it is our desire to please and interest everyone. The purpose of the paper is not only to awaken an increased interest on the part of the pupils in composition, and to afford them practice in high school journalism, but to serve as a medium of communication between the school and the public. The large circulation of this issue of the paper, and the generous assistance of our advertisers, will enable us, also, to cancel the indebtedness of last year.

* * *

The importance of the study of English in our high schools is more widely recognized than ever before. It is necessary in the teaching of English to adopt some definite system of instruction, in order that the pupils may attain a reasonable degree of accuracy and fluency in the use of their native tongue. During the

present year, one period a week has been devoted to instruction in composition. In connection with the work a course of reading has been pursued. Each class at the beginning of the year was given a list of about forty well known books, written by the best English and American authors. From the list given to his class each pupil could choose such books as suited his taste. Every student was required to read one book each month, and to write an article once in two months, based upon the book as a whole, or upon some one of the principal characters in it.

The purpose of this course has been to cultivate a taste for standard literature, and also to obtain practice in composition.

* * *

We can hardly overestimate the value of a good education. Perhaps no one ever felt the lack of education more than did that unfortunate Queen of France, Marie Antoinette. Left by her mother during her childhood to the care of royal governesses, who cared more for installing themselves in the good graces of the princess than for supplying her with knowledge, she grew up with only a very deficient education.

Afterward, in the gay court of Paris, surrounded by people of the highest intellectuality, she often had cause to regret the time that she might have spent in study. She was often ridiculed, and even made the laughing stock of the French court, on account of the neglected state of her mind.

It has ever been said that the lack of education was one of the causes of the unlucky queen's downfall. Had she had a mind stored with knowledge, and acquainted with the history of former nations, she might better have known how to govern her own land.

While this illustration is drawn from royalty, yet it is the testimony of men in every station of life that a good education is of inestimable value; and that a lack of it is a hindrance to usefulness and advancement, if not a cause of failure.

Therefore, as pupils let us avail ourselves fully of the opportunities offered us to acquire an

education, and show our appreciation of them by faithfulness to our school duties.

* * *

We wish to call the attention of our readers to the courses of study pursued in our school, published elsewhere in this number. There are at present four courses open to the pupils, the English, the Latin-English, the Classical, and the Institute. The English course pays particular attention to the study of English, French being the only other language required; the Latin-English introduces the study of Latin; the Classical includes the studies required for entrance to college; while the Institute takes only such studies as are required for the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

The classical department was established in our school only about eight years ago; but the number of pupils that have taken this course, and the creditable standing that they have uniformly maintained in other schools is sufficient indication that our school is fulfilling the requirements of the colleges for admission.

* * *

We are wont proudly to say that we have made a great improvement in singing during the past year or so; and with certain modifications, this is true. Our chief fault is that we do *not* improve in the matter of watching the conductor. This is not due to any lack of Svengali-ism on his part, but to a persistent self-reliance on ours. It is quite clear that the school believes in the maxim, "Every man to his mind," and follows it determinedly. Nevertheless, our improvement has been marked—thanks to our very efficient instructor—and we hope that we shall continue to improve the quality of our singing, until multitudes throng under our windows at music periods, and passers-by stand enthralled by our Orphean strains. If we all exert ourselves a trifle, no doubt this desirable state of affairs will exist in the near future.

* * *

The mathematical department also has shown

great improvement this year. The course now includes the most advanced requirements for admission to the Institute of Technology, covering solid geometry and advanced algebra the last year for those that have taken mathematics the preceding years. In connection with this subject may be mentioned the new method of teaching geometry. The pupil is obliged to prove all his theorems, instead of learning the proofs from a text book. Thus it becomes more than a matter of memory only; the pupil must think for himself, and cannot demonstrate a proposition until he thoroughly understands it. This method has been tried with very good results in many places, and has given complete satisfaction in our school.

* * *

This year the classes in drawing have astonished the school by their proficiency. The subject of projections was studied during the first part of the year, and the progress made in this rather difficult branch was surprising. But a greater surprise was occasioned the school when representation was taken up, and numerous works of art in brown and black crayon ornamented the walls of our temple of learning. The decorative work which followed was also good. We are glad to notice the many excellent drawings. This is a pleasant and, in many respects, a practical study, and should be fully appreciated.

The cover of this issue deserves special mention, the design being chosen from class work. It is a very fair specimen of Mr. James Alger's drawing through the year. The artist should be warmly congratulated on his success.

* * *

One of the essential elements of a good school is loyalty; but perhaps there are pupils who do not know fully what is meant by this term. Certainly when a pupil says, "I don't care about the standard of the school; I am as indifferent to my work and to my relations to the school as I dare to be," that person is not loyal; he is selfish, unfaithful not only to his school, but to himself.

There are many who realize the worth of a school and are anxious to make it as profitable to themselves as possible. These surely raise the standard of the school, but the down-pull of the selfish, unpatriotic pupils, who are negligent in the performance of their duties, may seriously affect the progress of the school.

Pupils thus exert an influence, good or bad, upon the school. They co-operate with teachers in their efforts to maintain a high standard in the school, or they, by their unpatriotic conduct, are a hindrance to the progress and welfare of the school.

Loyalty to school means loyalty to one's higher self; it demands not only the manifestation of the spirit of a learner, but also willing obedience to all rules established for the good of the school, a firm adherence to the truth, and politeness of conduct in all the relations that pupils sustain to one another and to their teachers.

PROPHECY.

Once again I paused and wondered
As I oft had done before,
What my classmates then were doing
Far upon the homeland shore,
While in Paris I was wandering
Through the Exposition buildings.
Years had passed since we had severed
Ties that bound us in our class-life,
Yet my thoughts turned often backward
To those dear old friends beloved.
Through the long rooms slowly walking
Soon this sign my eyes attracted:
"Futures told with great exactness
By the well-known famous Seer."
In I went, in quest of knowledge
Of the classmates who had parted
One June evening in old Reading.
When I passed within the portals
Stood an aged man before me.
When I told what I had come for,
One keen look, then silent turning,
Into a darkened room he led me.

Now began the wondrous story
 Of the famous ninety-sixers.
 Strange and full of great surprises,
 Yet with some a glad fruition
 Of the youthful promise given.
 First he told me of Miss Copeland;
 How she went to teach the heathen,
 Leaving home and friends and kindred;
 How on Africa's coast she landed,
 Never fearful of the dangers
 That she found on every side.
 Much amazed was I at this news,
 But much more at that which followed;
 For he said that Richard Hussey
 Contemplated preaching, too.
 Then the old man turned and told me,
 In a tremulous voice, yet clear,
 Of the Misses Beal and Harris,—
 Of the crowds they were attracting
 In large cities, by enacting
 Parts as Portia and Helena,
 And of others, fair and virtuous.
 Then I asked about Miss Isbell,
 Famed for our salutatory.
 She a maiden tall and slender,
 Had the noble gift of language,
 So she teaches French and German
 In the college at Northampton.
 Emma Burgess, our musician,
 Has become a famous teacher,
 Trained by years of faithful study
 In the lands across the waters.
 Now I hear of Chester Kingman,
 Senator at Washington.
 Very smart was he in Civics,
 Fond of questions for debate.
 Then I thought he'd go to Congress
 Should he ever have his due.
 Mr. Pillsbury's a professor,
 Teaching French and mathematics
 In the famous M. I. T.
 Then the old man spoke of Gertrude,
 Who in Boston now is studying
 In the school of Oratory.
 In her youth she showed this talent
 And in public oft declaimed.
 On and on the old man hurried,
 Hardly stopping till he'd ended

With the classmates still so dear.
 Edith Barrows, a great cyclist,
 Has a school for ladies free,
 Where they learn to ride the "Safety"
 Gracefully and easily.
 Thought I then of little Florence,
 For great friends were they as maidens,
 Sitting side by side in school there
 Drawing pictures of the pupils.
 As her life's profession took she
 Work in oils and water-colors,
 And in Italy now studies.
 In the city of old Boston,
 In a home for little wanderers,
 Is Miss Choate, the loving matron.
 At her right hand is Miss Parker,
 Gay and giddy girl in school life,
 But become a noble woman,
 Much beloved by those about her.
 Still remains a bright young fellow,
 Known as Joe by all the school boys.
 To some day become a lawyer,
 He in Harvard has been studying,
 Solving puzzling legal problems.

Joyous then I left the dark room,
 For my heart was full of gladness,
 Thinking that my friends and classmates
 Were such noble men and women.

HELEN A. PARKER, '96.

HOMERIC TYPES OF CHARACTER.

(ABSTRACT.)

The Homeric poems are considered far in advance of the popular ballads of any modern nation in reach of thought and richness of phraseology. They are a work of great imagination, with characters naturally drawn and finely discriminated, reanimating the age of Achaean heroism.

Homer has been very successful in tracing certain types of character, which even now stand before the imagination of the world. Achilles, who is considered by critics to be the hero of the Iliad, is the type of heroic might, violent in anger and sorrow, yet capable of tender compassion. Also, in the character of Thersites, the

poet has stamped qualities which are especially distinctive.

The Homeric types of women, also, are remarkable for true and fine insights. Andromache, the young wife and mother, who, in losing Hector, loses all, awakens our curiosity and our pity; Helen, also, clear sighted, remorseful, and appreciating any kindness shown to her at Troy, perfect in grace and accomplishments, is restored to our favor. She appears to be one of these ideal creatures of the fancy, over which time, space, circumstance and moral probability hold no sway.

The divine types of character are marked as clearly as the human. Zeus, the powerful ruler of Olympus, is intolerant of competing might, and manageable only by flattery and by appeal to his emotions. Hera is the proud and jealous queen, ever ready to find fault with whatever Zeus undertakes. Apollo is the minister of death, the prophet, active in upholding the decrees of his father, Jupiter, and never at variance with him. Athene, the goddess of war, art and industry, unlike her brother Apollo, is often opposed to the purposes of Zeus.

Many beautiful scenes, filled with pathos, are pictured in the Iliad. Especially touching is the farewell of Hector and Andromache. The latter is overcome with grief, clasping lovingly the hand of her husband for the last time. The infant child, fearing the glitter and clash of the armor, shrinks from the father's arms.

The speeches of the Homeric personages express the attributes of the speakers. Illustrative of this is the great speech of Achilles, in the ninth book, of Odysseus and Ajax, who have come as envoys to him from Agamemnon, entreating him to return to battle.

The Homeric outlines of character, in all cases, are especially distinct, yet the poet leaves to the reader a certain liberty of imagination to fill them in to satisfy his own ideal.

FLORENCE E. MCINTIRE.

(One of the young ladies in geometry class) "This ratio is represented by the Greek letter which means 'pie.'"

R. H. S. ALPHABET.

A is for Amsden, a belle of the school;
Governed by conscience, she minds every rule.

B is for Burnham, in football so fleet;
Oft in the evening he walks Salem street.

C is for Connelly, the funniest kid,
Count on him always to do as he's bid.

D is for Dyer; the wheel she doth ride —
Into high fences how gracefully glide!

E is for Edna, who dwells far away;
Though she owns horses she's late every day.

F is for Frank, — quite a driller they say,
So very attentive to learn all he may.

G is for Grace. O'er her mates she doth soar,
Bearing class honors; how can she ask more?

H is for Houseman, our Cicero star,
Who in declensions exceeds us afar.

I is for Ida, our dear little child,
Loved by us all, though just a bit wild.

J is for James-John, gigantic pair,
Who spend much time in arranging their hair.

K's for the Kingmans, — a triplet they make.
Brains are their birthright; they all take the cake.

L is for Leon, who gives us surprise,
Winning in drill, sure, whenever he tries.

M is for Myra, — sometimes she's called Mike, —
Love of cold water endangers her "bike."

N is for Nellie, who has a back seat;
There she is able to stand summer's heat.

O stands for either; if one's in our school,
Sure he's no blockhead and neither a fool.

P is for Pillsbury, Parker and Pratt;
Peas in one pod, but unlike for all that.

Q's for my queen; she's a person of fame.
Ah! you're just dying to find out her name!

R is for Rob, a smart Sophomore man;
Hardest task learned is to shirk when he can.

S is for Stella, our Senior so fair.
Bright sparkles a gem 'mid the curls of her hair.

T is for Taylor, whose surname is "Duck."
Strange, in his fishing he never has luck.

U is for union, a virtue profound.
'Twixt upper classes 'tis too seldom found.

V is for Vera, our Senior so gay,
Gracious to all, somehow making her way.

W is for Walter, who much needs a *check*.
Send one sufficient to take him through "Tech."

X is Xperience, which '97's had;
Welcome, vacation! you make our hearts glad.

Y's for Yon, reader; forgive, I entreat!
Muses, like mortals, have oft, limping feet.

Z's for a graduate, no matter who.
Name her I will not, because — I'm all through.

ROY E. PARKER, '97.

Some of the Uses of the X-Ray in the Public Schools.

A New York paper recently published an imaginary X-ray photograph of a goat. The picture was entitled, "Why Billy died — told by the X-ray," and the stomach of the animal contained all manner of indigestible articles, from boots to a clothespin. Aside from the use of the ray in post-mortem examination upon quadrupeds in a few years we shall witness its employment in many scientific experiments upon living animals of a higher order. Probably its greatest sphere of usefulness will be in the public schools.

Methods of examination may be greatly improved. The present form of test is unfair to the pupil, for although it does not display all his knowledge, it is quite certain to hit upon the points which he does not know, and thus show all his ignorance. The X-ray test would be conducted somewhat in the following manner: A pupil is asked to step to the examination room, and with no friendly "helps" nearer than his own desk, the X-ray is applied by the teacher, and the exact amount of Latin, Greek, and mathematics which his head contains is at once visible. In this way no opportunity is offered for surreptitious alteration of papers after the correct answers have been announced. The

work is quickly accomplished, the examination of each pupil occupying less than a minute.

The next decade will know nothing of irate parents raving over the injustice and partiality displayed upon report cards. Instead of a definite report by percentage, an X-ray photograph of the brain of each pupil will be sent to his parents, who will judge for themselves of the standing of their child.

As an aid in disciplining, the rays would be invaluable. It might be well to keep an outfit for producing the rays in every room in the school for use at times when personal investigation would be unwise. For instance, should a desk cover be suddenly raised and sounds of suppressed snickering be heard, the ray would disclose with unfailing accuracy the funny picture which causes the disturbance, and should it be desired to find the offender who drew the picture, it would be necessary only to project the rays about the room, when they would show the effect of the guilty action upon the culprit's brain. The tardy pupil will find a half-open door but a filmy screen for such antics as he may execute for the edification of his companions in the schoolroom. A wise teacher would periodically take a ray survey of the school as a whole, that any incipient insurrection might be nipped in the bud.

The method of examining teachers now in vogue will become a thing of the past. Instead of an ordinary photograph, which is apt to be deceptive, a teacher will apply with a picture of that part of her brain which contains her knowledge of the science or language which she desires to teach. For instance, an instructor in mathematics would present a view of a brain filled with cube roots, logarithms, and Pythagorean demonstrations.

Sometime, pupils will be fairly examined, correctly marked, and higher standards of morality and justice will prevail in our schools than ever before, because of this wonderful discovery.

A., '98.

Wanted — Parents to visit the Reading High School. All are cordially invited.

MY NOCTURNAL ADVENTURE.

Tom was cross. He really was undeniably so, or I never should have had my adventure. You see, Tom was home from college on a vacation, and father and mother were away, so we had dinner early and spent the first part of the evening in the kitchen, making candy. It was very good candy, and Tom ate too much, which made him ill-tempered; and I will confess that I was a little bit cross, too, from standing so long over a hot stove. So we squabbled steadily for half an hour, though it was Tom's first evening home; and we were glad when we heard someone ring the door bell.

It proved to be Tom's old crony, Billy Jackson, and his sister, who had come up to ask us to their house for the evening. I never could bear Billy Jackson, and his simpering little sister makes me tired; so I said I had a headache—which was true enough—and couldn't go. Tom was glad enough to go, and that made me crosser than ever.

"Just like a boy," thought I, "to go off and leave his sister all alone; the very first evening he was home, too! And yet he said this afternoon that I was a great deal prettier than either of the Jackson girls!"

Full of indignation at Tom's unbrotherly conduct, I stepped out on the piazza, and wandered up and down, very lonesome and very cross. I decided that I had been foolish to believe that Tom really thought me prettier than the Jackson girls, although he volunteered the opinion without my saying anything about it. I declared that he was the most ungrateful mortal that ever lived, when I had burned my hand and just about scorched my face on such a hot night, making candy for *his* delectation. (I wanted it just as much, but I failed to remember that.) And meditating in this ungracious strain, I strolled aimlessly out of the garden path and down the street.

It was a warm night, but the street was almost empty. The blue-white glare of the electric light, now rising, now falling, was a refreshing change from the softly shaded light of the lamps within, and had a much cooler effect. I

wandered along, unconsciously in the direction of the Jackson's house, until, without noticing where I had come, I brought up in front of the High School building.

Belford is a small place, and this schoolhouse is just an old fashioned wooden one. The lower floor is occupied by grammar schools, but the second and the third are the undisputed realm of the High School. The pupils all sit in the hall on the second floor, an apartment which is large and rather barren, and known as the "big room." Some attempt has, in years past, been made to decorate it, and when it is filled with scholars it has quite a cheerful air; but when no one is in it but yourself, it looks inexpressibly bare and large.

Some slight repairs had been going on, and a ladder leaned against one of the big room windows, carelessly left by one of the workmen. A daring impulse came to me, and following it, I ran swiftly up the ladder and stopped before the window. Much seaside rock-climbing and stepping about in a small boat had made me very sure of foot, and I had not the slightest fear. I had a struggle with the window which nearly lost me my balance; but I finally opened it, and in a moment I stood in the gloom of the big room.

For a moment I was tempted to basely turn and fly. If the room looked big and barren in the daylight, what was it at night, with no light at all save where that from the electric lamp came in at one end, contrasting uncannily with the total darkness all around, and lighting up the plaster features of one of the busts of the room in a way that was most ghastly? But I conquered this cowardly inclination, reflecting what glory it would be to say that I had been in the schoolhouse alone, at night, and had climbed a ladder thirty-five feet long to do so. I endeavored to appear to enjoy myself, although there was no one to see me, and sitting nonchalantly on the sill of the window I had just entered, swung my feet and looked about me. In a moment I heard a loud thud below me; I knew before I jumped down and looked out of the window what had happened; I had pushed the ladder down!

I endeavored to look the situation in the face. I was all alone in the second story of a great school building, thirty-five feet above the ground. The doors, of course, were all locked, and the windows down stairs were always left fastened. Even if they were not so, they were too high to reach without a chair. The building was in total darkness, and I had not so much as one match to lighten it. If I called, the policeman, far down the street, would come, and as likely as not arrest me for house-breaking; for was not a schoolhouse a house? Then I thought of Tom, and I blessed him for going to the Jackson's, for he would have to go home past the schoolhouse.

I went to the window where the light came in and looked at my watch; a quarter past eight. Tom would surely not come home before ten, and probably not until half past. Two hours and a quarter to wait, all alone, and at night, in a big, empty, pitch-dark school building! The prospect was not inviting. I stood at the window nearest the light, as being the most cheerful, and looked down the street. Ever so far down I could see the Jackson's house, brightly lighted, with the doors open on the big, inviting piazza; and I reflected that the oldest Jackson girl was really not so bad, and that I should be glad to hear even the youngest one's simper. I thought of what fun Tom must be having down there; and how good the candy on the library table at home must be; and then, growing pensive, I thought, what if I never get out of this alive? for the next day was Saturday, so there would not be any school, and if I couldn't attract anybody's attention I might starve to death before Monday. And then, I reflected, Tom would wish he hadn't gone off and left me all alone, and be sorry he was so cross, although it was possible that I might have been a little less cross myself. I began to wish ardently that I had been. I ruminated over our last quarrel before the Jacksons came, and found that it was really my fault. So I continued to meditate, and so my meditations continued to grow less and less agreeable, until I was called back to myself by the coldness of the night wind on my arms; for, as I said, the night had been very warm and I

wore a light muslin. I looked down, wondering why I did not hear the measured pacing of the old Irish policeman up and down his beat, when, to my surprise, I saw him gazing open-mouthed up at the window where I stood.

I stepped back hastily into the shadow, and waited perhaps three minutes, when suddenly an overmastering desire to know the time came over me. It grew and grew, with the unreasonable persistency of such wishes, until I could not endure it a second longer. I stepped forward into the light again, but before I could look at my watch I heard an ear piercing shriek, followed by a torrent of Irish supplications, below me, and saw the old policeman turn and fly in an agony of fear. The truth flashed into my brain. The old Irishman was as superstitious as any of his race, so, very naturally, he fled at what he thought was a ghost.

I felt like anything but an object to inspire fear, but it really was no wonder that, on seeing a white-gowned figure appear and vanish so suddenly at the window of an empty building, all his inborn superstition should awaken to terrify him. If I had called, it would probably have been worse instead of better for me, for then he might have been too frightened to come back; as it was, he would probably hasten to the nearest house for a defender, or else summon a brother policeman.

I fell to counting up the places where he might stop. The next house was the Blake's; they were taking an early trip to the mountains, and the house was shut; then came the residence of the Misses Peters; they were two maiden ladies, and hadn't a man in the house, so they were out of the question; opposite them was an art studio, which was always shut at night; so (O blessed relief!) the nearest house at which he could ask assistance was the Jackson's, and either Tom or Billy would be sure to come. And Tom, being a favorite with the old fellow, would almost certainly be preferred to Billy. My heart felt about ten tons lighter than before. I stood in the shadow, so as not to frighten the poor old fellow into fits when he came back, and watched. The time seemed intolerably long, although it couldn't have been ten minutes.

Now that release was so near, the thought of waiting in that detestable place for two hours more seemed unendurable.

At last two figures came up the street. One I recognized as the fat old policeman; if the other were Billy Jackson I thought I should be ready to die of shame to think that I refused to go to his house because of a headache, and then went visiting schoolhouses and climbing ladders! I strained my eyes, resolving that if it were Billy I would spend the night there rather than have him help me out. At last he came near enough for me to see his features; it was Tom. I could restrain myself no longer, and just as they entered the school grounds, I stepped forward and cried, "Oh, Tom, Tom!"

"Oh, musha! Mither of Moses! There it is again, and listen to the scraehing of the cray-ture! The saints defin'd us! Sure I've been a righteous man all me days" —

"Hush, Pat. How in thunder did you ever get up there, sis? You've frightened Pat about to death. Here, old fellow, don't you see it's only Miss Polly?"

"The saints bless me sowl, so it is! Sure, thin" —

"Oh, Tom," I cried, "do take me down! I've been here ages and ages — ever since quarter past eight, and I can't stand it any longer! Do take me down, Tom! There's the ladder, under the other window."

"So it is. Keep up your courage long enough to shut all the windows, ehick, and I'll drag it round to where it's light. Don't you worry, Poll; we'll have you down in a jiffy."

I protested against his taking such unnecessary trouble, but he was firm. I found afterwards that he was a great deal more afraid than he would ever own of my falling, if I came down in the dark. Perhaps *his* conscience had been pricking him a little, too, about being so cross, for he was distressingly tender all the rest of the evening.

I locked the windows I had opened, and left everything as I had found it, before I stepped out of the window and on to the ladder, which Tom steadied. My head swam a little, as I shut this last window, but I held tightly to the ladder

and went steadily down. When I got to the bottom, suddenly my strength failed, for it had been rather tried during the last part of that twenty-five minutes; and although I am very strong naturally, I fell into Tom's arms. His face was pale as I opened my eyes, and, as I said, he was very tender indeed for some time; but I was myself again in a moment, and ordered him back to finish his fun at the Jackson's.

"Not unless you'll come too," he declared.

"Oh, I couldn't," said I. "Think of how I told them I couldn't come before."

"Do you feel well enough?" said Tom.

"Oh, my, yes!" I answered.

"Then tell 'em your head's better," said he; "or if you don't want to, I will. They needn't know anything about this ladder-sealing business. I just told 'em that old Pat thought he saw a ghost," (Pat had left to pace his beat again) "and I'd go and quiet him. Will you come, sister?"

"Yes, Tom," said I.

And together we went gaily down the street.

GERTRUDE CURTIS BROWN, '98.

WANTS OF THE SOPHOMORES.

No finals.

Steam heat in the laboratory next winter.

A more cheerful view from the windows of Room 2.

Thirty-five Caesar ponies.

Carboys of pure sparkling water.

Thirty-five seats in the main room of the R. H. S.

Stilts for some of the boys of the class of '98.

A spring medicine to keep the girls from yawning during drill.

The holidays to come on other days than Saturdays and Sundays.

More anniversaries in the surrounding towns.

A clock in Room 2.

E. F. B., '98.

A Junior Girl's Experience on a Bicycle.

A TRUE STORY.

"Oh! those everlasting Juniors!"

"What's the matter now?" I asked, turning around and surveying my sister, who had just come in.

"Oh, nothing; only they are always trying to get up a sensation."

"What have they done so awful?"

"Well, you see," she continued, "one of the Junior girls has a wheel. She went down to Wakefield the other day. I don't see what she went down there for, anyway! Well, when she was coming back, at the head of the lake she passed two young men with bicycles who were resting on the side of the road. She was riding close to the track and as she was passing them she lost control of her bicycle (strange!); the front wheel caught in the track and over she went, wheel and all, into the lake. Of course the young men rushed to her assistance, while she just stood in the water and laughed. One rescued her, while the other recovered her wheel. After giving her plenty of advice which she accepted but did not follow, the young gallants rode away, while she hastened home. I declare I believe all she did it for was just to get up a sensation!" And Bess left the room, slamming the door behind her.

M. V. A., '96.

The Department of Music in the R. H. S.

We can scarcely overestimate the importance of good musical training in the public schools, and never, perhaps, has greater attention been given to this subject.

The number of those who truly appreciate good music increases each year, and while fifty years ago there were comparatively few who understood music and could read it well unless they had received the advantages of private instruction, we find the average pupil in our schools today not only appreciative but capable himself of presenting work of much merit.

Work of a higher order is each year expected and attained in our High Schools, and we feel that under the competent guidance of our Supervisor of Music, Mr. Frederic Archibald, of Waltham, that we have during the past two years been led to the appreciation of some of the possibilities before us as a school.

Although music has always been for us a regular study, more work is now being accomplished, we think, than ever before. Last year we received our usual weekly lesson from Mr. Archibald, practice drill being given once each week by an assistant teacher. This year we have been fortunate in having Mr. Archibald with us both days.

During the past two years various quartets have been formed of members of our school, who have presented some very creditable work, and have assisted in many of the entertainments given. The concerts of each year have given us a definite purpose and, we have been assured, have afforded our friends much pleasure.

The first concert, at which was presented the cantata, "The Wreck of the Hesperus," was held on April 16, 1895. The school was assisted by Mrs. Clara Tourjee Nelson of Reading, Mr. Sidney Howe of Melrose, Mr. John Craig Kelly of Boston, together with Mr. Archibald, to whom much of the success of the evening was due.

The cantata, "St. Cecilia's Day," was given March 27, 1896. This concert was considered a greater success even than the one of the preceding year.

The school was assisted by Miss Priscilla White of Boston, Miss Nellie Mae Holt of Winchester, Mr. John Webster of Reading, and an augmented chorus of the friends of the school. Mrs. John Webster served us most acceptably as accompanist at both concerts. We feel much indebted to all who have ever encouraged us by their interest and generous appreciation.

At present the scholars are preparing two pieces for graduation, "Children's Hour," by A. R. Gaul, and "Miller's Song," by Zollner. A semi-chorus of young ladies has been formed, who have also in preparation "Lullaby," by G. W. Chadwick, and "Down in the Dewy Dell," by H. Smart.

It is needless to say that there is still room for great advancement. Steady, persevering practice from week to week is all essential, and that, too, not by the few, but by every member of the school.

HATTIE J. AMSDEN, '98.

History of the R. H. S. Lunch Counter.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

MENU.

Ham sandwich,	.03
Hot chocolate,	.03
R. H. S. creamcakes,	.03
Soup and crackers,	.10

Hearing of the sumptuous fare of the Wakefield High School scholars who were blessed with a lunch counter, we could not rest until we were equally favored. So the proper authorities were consulted and it was decided to establish one in the basement of our school building.

For a day or two before it was ready we were disturbed in our hard studying by muffled hammerings in the lower regions. Occasionally one saw a pupil with yearning eye and hungry look steal down the cellar staircase to watch operations, while future salads, ices and other goodies appeared before her mind's eye outspread on the bare shelves. She who had such a weakness, however, was doomed to disappointment, for Mr. Hussey, who always has an eye to our welfare, decided to allow only food which nourishes the body and strengthens the brain.

At length all was in readiness. About 11.10 an exhilarating odor arose from the basement, which made the hearts of the pupils glad. At 11.20, when the principal, with beaming face, announced that lunch would be served, the smiles of the pupils were worth beholding.

The bell struck and immediately the room was deserted. What visions of great profits must have entered Mr. Nichols' mind as he saw that multitude pouring down the stairs! He who had no money came to see that his neighbor got a sandwich. Most bought chocolate, but the teachers set a good example by each buying a

plate of soup. Our minds were made up for plain fare, so when Mr. Nichols unexpectedly produced some *creamecakes* there was one grand exclamation. The way those cakes disappeared was a *caution*.

It is needless to say the scholars were very quiet and orderly, as they are on all occasions, and beyond an exclamation or two of this kind, "Hot, ain't it?" "Whew! this chocolate's hot, though!" "Any more creamecakes?" everything passed off well. The twenty minutes soon ended, and one by one the pupils wandered up stairs, and each took his seat with the satisfied air of one who has had a good dinner. The next day Mr. Whittemore complimented us upon our good behavior, but requested those who did not intend to buy dinner to remain upstairs.

For a time the lunch counter flourished. Trade in creamecakes increased—increased so much that it was said Mr. Nichols had to build a department expressly for their manufacture. As the weeks passed and the novelty wore off, trade decreased, probably on account of hard times, until finally Mr. Nichols received the patronage of not more than a dozen pupils each day, and was obliged to throw away the rest of the food prepared. Evidently the scholars were getting tired of having for one day sandwiches, chocolate and cream cakes; for the next, cream cakes, chocolate and sandwiches; and then chocolate, cream cakes and sandwiches. Of course, Mr. Nichols could not afford to continue business at such a loss. Thus ended the short but *sweet* career of the R. H. S. lunch counter.

Should any pupil wish to visit the lower regions of the R. H. S. sanctum to dream on the past, let him not disturb the mice which now dwell in the chocolate cups in the cold air box and feast upon the remnants of a few ancient sandwiches.

FLORENCE B. PARKER, '97.

PHYSICAL TRAINING.

Of late years physical training has come to mean a great deal more than ever before. Seeing the good effects upon the boys of the gymnastic drill, teachers who were interested in work

of that kind began to investigate systems of exercises for the girls with the result that today physical training is given to both sexes in nearly all schools. Even pupils of the primary grades have their special work in gymnastics, as the girls of the colleges have their physical exercises and games of basket-ball, tennis, and golf.

This physical training points to one end, — a change from mental work to physical, — a change which shall bring the blood from brains oppressed by hours of study, and send it dancing through the bodies cramped by improper ways of standing and sitting; which shall straighten bent shoulders, fill out hollow chests, and refresh and invigorate the whole system.

Physical training means the intelligent training of the body, — the symmetrical development of every part, and the proper use of that part, thus improving the carriage of the head and body, and restoring the proper circulation and the normal muscular tone.

Gymnastic drill has also its mental effect. A girl is taught that prompt and complete obedience is one of the chief points of her gymnastic work, as well as of her general school work. When a command is given it must be obeyed immediately; the pupil must learn to work in unison with others, to think and act quickly, and to concentrate her whole mind on the work before her, — or that work is a failure as far as she is concerned. Thus habits of prompt obedience are formed in school which are found very useful both there and in after life.

During the present school year the Swedish system of gymnastics was introduced under the supervision of Miss H. G. Brown, a graduate of the Normal School of Gymnastics. Twenty minutes of each day are devoted to invigorating and refreshing exercise. While the schoolroom is used for the daily drill, yet the space it affords is insufficient to give the best results. However, the work has gone on very satisfactorily.

The girls are organized as a battalion, with the following officers:

Major, Helen A. Parker.

Company A.

Captain, Grace E. Copeland.

First lieutenant, Hattie J. Amsden.

Second lieutenant, Louisa M. Whelton.

Company B.

Captain, Elsie W. Clark.

First lieutenant, Florence B. Parker.

Second lieutenant, Edith M. Sweetser.

Company C.

Captain, Lila H. Beal.

First lieutenant, Helen A. Brown.

Second lieutenant, Carrie W. McDonald.

Company D.

Captain, Stella L. Harris.

First lieutenant, Grace J. Abbot.

Second lieutenant, Bertha U. Brooks.

A system of composition work in connection with the gymnastics has been tried and is proving very successful. The girls are called upon in turn to write criticisms on the work of the different companies, and these criticisms both teach observance and give exercise in writing.

One more point may be spoken of in connection with this work, and that is, the effort that must be made by the pupil. It is true in other places as well as in school that all the teaching in the world can have very little effect unless accompanied by an effort on the part of the pupil to profit by it. If a girl does not care whether her body is erect and symmetrical, she is not very likely to be erect. If she does not care enough about the work to make an effort herself, the work done by others is not likely to be of much use to her. Therefore, girls, let us make up our minds to make the physical exercises of the R. H. S. the best of any high school in the country. Shall we?

HARRIETT MAY HYDE, '98.

A TRIP FISHING.

One morning in the early part of summer some of my friends and I went on a fishing trip.

As we were very thirsty while on the way to the Brooks where we were to fish, and as there was No-well near, we stopped at A-dam (s, in a river and quenched our thirst.

After walking a short distance we arrived at two dens, known as Harn-den and Ams-den.

Out of the latter Dan(came)forth, as Daniel in the lion's den. Dan was bringing with him, Whel(a)ton, more or less, of Broad pieces of Brown Flint.

We were about to Hyde when we saw that the great burden he carried was causing him to Dyer nearly die. As he had hurt his hand, we sprinkled some "Pillsbury's Best" flour on it to stop the flow of blood.

After the excitement was over we tried our luck at fishing, but found that it took Skill-en catching them.

Richard('s)son, who came from the "Parker House," saw Ellis-on the other side of the stream trying to Rob-(B)ert's fishline, and said, "Sweet-ser, Ellen-wood not like to see you Robin(the)son of an honest man." Ellis was not affected by this Piatt(le) in the least.

We found some wads that a hunter had lost, and were going to pick them up, when Gleason said, "What are Wads-worth without a gun?"

On starting for home the two Algers tried to Phillip(s) (fill up) on some Berry cake they had with them.

We had walked a short distance homeward when we came to a pasture where cows were grazing. A red shirt worn by one of our party startled the cows and two of them rushed at us at full speed. Their hasty approach caused one of the boys to cry "Killam!"

I hit the cow nearest me with a stone and she fell to the ground. To be Frank, we thought she was dead and we were about to Carter off when I saw a policeman Bob his head out and Peek through the bushes.

I cried, "Here comes the Cop(e)!" Land! how we ran. He caught us and we were held by a one hundred dollar Bond until the trial,

When we, the Class of '98,
Whose names you herein see,
And who have never had a mate,
Were then, once more, set free.

ARTHUR V. PILLSBURY, '98.

STATISTICS OF THE R. H. S.

The high school was established in 1856.
The first principal was Henry A. Littell, 1858.

The first assistant was Miss Emeline P. Wakefield, 1865.

The first class graduated in 1863.

The entire number of teachers that have been employed up to present time is 38.

The entire number of graduates since 1863 is 479.

Report for school year ending June 19, 1896:—

Number of teachers: male, 2; female, 4.

Entire number of pupils enrolled during the year: boys, 47; girls, 79.

Number of pupils in the following courses:

	Boys.	GIRLS.
Classical,	5	17
Institute,	5	0
English-Latin,	29	46
English,	15	9

Number of volumes in library, 250.

Number in school pursuing the following studies:

	Boys.	GIRLS.
Latin,	30	55
Greek,	5	17
French,	10	22
Algebra,	34	35
Geometry,	28	19
Astronomy,	1	4
Physics,	11	15
Chemistry,	5	6
Physical Geography,	3	8
Geology,	3	8
Botany,	5	9
Rhetoric and Authors,	21	25
English Literature,	4	12
History,	26	57
Civics,	1	4
Bookkeeping,	12	10

EDITH TEMPLE, '99.

GRADUATION PROGRAM.

Overture.

Invocation.

Singing—"Miller's Song," *Zollner.*

Salutatory and Essay—The Model Library,
Vera Bradford Isbell.

Oration—A Plea for Cuba,
Richard Byron Hussey.

Singing — Down in the Dewy Dell,

Henry Smart.

Essay — The Trial Scene from the Merchant of Venice,

Edith Barrows.

Valedictory Address — The Value of Character,
Grace Ethelwyn Copeland.

Singing — "The Children's Hour,"

Alfred R. Gaul.

Presentation of Diplomas.

Singing — "Lullaby,"

G. W. Chadwick.

LOCALS.

The Senior class in Greek have read the first four books of Homer's Iliad and the sixth, and have been recently reviewing Xenophon, with the Juniors.

Will some one of the Sophomores please inform us what a "stationary vibration" is?

Special credit is due to the Misses Skillen, Flint, Berry and Danforth, for their earnest and successful efforts in securing advertisements for this issue.

The enthusiasm of the botany class causes the unfortunates not in it envy and wonder. The eager botanists tramp miles, in rain and shine, for a specimen. They return in a bedraggled and weary state, but still supremely happy if they have found it. All flowers are fearfully and wonderfully made, they tell us, and moved by overpowering curiosity, without a pause for admiring its beauty, they cruelly dissect their treasure. Well, when we get there, we may understand.

A certain musical fowl has made herself unpleasantly noticeable during the morning periods. If something is not done about the matter, the owner may experience a loss.

If the Junior class are puzzled to know what to present to the school, we would suggest a set of mouse traps, as being inexpensive as well as useful.

For Sale or To Let — A back seat in good condition. The owner has been obliged to

move nearer the front. Terms cheap. Apply to "Duck."

There are plenty of "little brown jugs" hanging on the wall in the main room.

Our compositions are completed;
We ourselves are quite conceited
That what we wrote is just the stuff,
To make the paper quite enough.

Those wonderful Juniors have issued invitations for a "complementary" reception to the Senior class, June 19, 1896, at 9 o'clock.

Not desiring to be behind the times we, too, have a "poster." Have you seen it?

We are glad to notice the friendly relations between members of our school and the high school in our neighboring town.

Wanted — Fewer anniversaries in the surrounding towns.

Wanted — A new lunch counter and some more soup.

There is one toilet article which is very much needed and wished for by the young gentlemen of the school. That is a comb, and it is hoped that one will be purchased from the funds resulting from the sale of the commencement issue of the PIONEER. Please have it ready for use next September.

Wanted — Some of the time wasted by various members of the R. H. S.

Geometry Teacher: "Which angle are you talking about? This one, or that?"

Pupil: "No'm; the other."

First Pupil: "Here's a conundrum for you. Where was H —, when the Cæsar exam was finished?"

Second Pupil: "In the soup."

The following was an excuse handed to the principal of the R. H. S by one of the young ladies for tardiness: "A combination of unprecedented lassitude and continual procrastination."

The day when the geology class visited the Natural History rooms will be remembered by

all with conflicting emotions. The only young man in the class was detailed to serve as escort to two of the more adventurous young ladies. [How we pity him! Eds.]

Look out for the scholars of the physics class! They are studying light, and are apt to see things double.

A few days, and the Freshies are Freshies no longer.

The Senior class object to the motto, "*Festina lente.*" Why?

The lunch counter was, indeed, short and sweet.

Perhaps the young men will be kind enough to give the girls lessons in counting, this vacation, to help them in drill.

Information regarding the habits and diet of mice will be freely given to parties addressing C., '97.

Three of the young men of the Senior class took an early morning walk to Andover, May 20, where they spent the day witnessing the 250th anniversary of the founding of that town.

At least six of the Senior class are intending to pursue their education in higher schools.

The following young men have received the highest mark for excellence in the Setting-Up drill during this term: E. S. Taylor, F. E. Burnham, J. Mead Adams, L. O. Dyer, W. E. Pratt, W. S. Badger, Harold Parker, Frank Wadsworth, C. E. Prescott, Q. S. Brown.

The Sophomores have parted company with the rest of the school this year.—A good ride.

Freshmen, take courage; you have only three years more of school.

GIFTS TO THE R. H. S.

Portraits, Bryant, Whittier, Class of '96.
 Painting, Sunrise at Sea, Class of '78.
 Picture, Lago Maggiore, Class of '67.
 Engraving, Charles I Demanding the Five Impeached Members, Class of '98.

Engraving, Künigin Elizabeth von England.*
 Engraving, Franklin before the Lords in Council, Whitehall Chapel, London, 1774, Class of '71.
 Engraving, The Return of the Mayflower, Class of '79.
 Engraving, Adieux D'Hector à Andromaque, Class of '80.
 Engraving, Guido's Aurora, Class of '77.
 Pictures, The Roman Forum, The Coliseum, The Arch of Triumph, Classes '92 and '93.
 Portrait, Mr. Cole.
 Picture, Two Spanish Girls, Class of '83.
 Portraits, Longfellow, Lowell, Nathaniel Hawthorn, Class of '88.
 Portrait, Columbus, F. E. Whittemore.
 Bust, Longfellow, Class of '85.
 Busts, Milton, Shakespeare, Class of '72.
 Statuette, Minerva, Class of '73.
 Bust of Webster.*
 Bust of Agassiz.*
 Walnut bookcase, Class of '75.
 Clock, Class of '76.
 Piano stool and cover, Class of '84.
 Books of reference, Class of '86.
 Books for library, Class of '87.
 Revolving book-case, Class of '94.
 Album of photographs, Class of '95.
 French Dictionary, Class of '91.
 Latin Dictionary, Class of '91.
 Whittier's Poems, Class of '96.

MYRA K. PARKER, '97.

* Any information concerning the name of the the donor will be gladly received by the Principal of the school.

TWO METHODS OF STUDY.

The methods of study in our R. H. S. are many. To give an idea of some of them, I will try to describe faithfully those of two young ladies, whom I will call Miss Ann Maria Hutchins and Miss Eliza Bartlett.

When Miss Hutchins goes to her first recitation in the morning, (that of English History), she is prepared on very little of the lesson. It so happens that she is the first one called upon to recite. She begins very confidently, thinking

that she is sure of *that* part, at least, as she has spent the whole of a half-hour on it. She recites very well for a time, but suddenly stops, confused, and says to herself: "Bother! what *does* come next? Does the king behead his subject, or does the subject behead the king?"

In the course of her recitation, she makes some rather astonishing statements; and, if she had been telling facts, they would have been rather startling ones. The teacher tries to control the muscles of her face, but she cannot help smiling.

"Consider a moment, Miss Hutchins," said she; "do you really mean that Queen Elizabeth reigned during the nineteenth century? You are only a little confused. How did you study your lesson yesterday?"

"Why," said Ann Maria, "I sat in the sitting-room and studied just two hours on this one lesson."

"Were you alone?" asked the teacher.

"No, the children were playing games in the same room, and then Mrs. X. Y. Z. came in for a few minutes and of course I talked to her for a short time."

"What had you been reading before you studied?"

"Oh, I had a lovely library book and I was reading the most interesting part when I had to leave it to work on my lessons."

"You need not tell me anything more, my dear Miss Hutchins, I see your trouble now. It is in your method. With your mind full of that story which you had been reading, you could not study your lessons as you should. I have found lately, some of your notes, scribbings, etc., on the school-room floor, and so I know how you spend your time here. I advise you to change your ways, if you wish to succeed in life."

After this talk, Ann Maria felt very much ashamed, as she knew that every word which the teacher had spoken was true. As she admired her teacher and respected her opinions she decided to try to do better, and to take for her example, Miss Bartlett, whose method was well known throughout the school.

This pupil studied faithfully, and, though by no means a model, was attentive to her work. She very seldom forgot a thing when she had

once learned it, and very often her friends would say to her, "How is it, Eliza, that you remember these details? We do not understand."

"It is very simple," she would say, in her laughing, cheerful way; "I just put my mind on the lesson and do the best that I can."

How to learn their lessons quickly, and yet to gain profit thereby, is a problem which is troubling many of our boys and girls, and I think that this is the solution of it. Let us only put our minds on our lessons and do the best that we can, being willing to spend a *moderate* amount of time on them, and we shall do more and better work in the coming year than we have done in the past.

MARY H. BARR, '99.

Webster's First Bunker Hill Oration.

(IMPROMPTU.)

Webster delivered his first Bunker Hill oration at the dedication of Bunker Hill Monument, on Breeds Hill, Charlestown, June 17, 1825, fifty years after the battle was fought.

The composition is one of the masterpieces of the language, the diction being intensely English. The subjects of the paragraphs are plainly set forth in topic sentences; the thoughts follow one another smoothly and logically. The paragraphs are thus models of unity.

Webster's imagery is clear, strong and beautiful, and adds much to the finish of the composition.

His addresses to the "Veterans" and to Lafayette are perhaps the most beautiful in the oration.

Webster alone was physically able to properly render his productions. If a simple reading of his works is able to deeply stir one, what must have been the effect when he gave them with all his great power?

A most vivid word picture is the one in which Webster contemplates the scene on board the ship of Columbus, the night before the Discoverer sighted the New World.

The part of the oration which treats of the erection of monuments is complete in itself. The oration should be read and re-read in every school in America, that the scholars may use it as a model of effective style. A. H. P., '96.

COURSES OF STUDY.

CLASS.	ENGLISH.	Months.	Ex. Weekly.	ENGLISH LATIN.	Months.	Ex. Weekly.	COLLEGE PREPARATORY.	Months.	Ex. Weekly.	INSTITUTE.	Months.	Ex. Weekly.
1	Algebra, English History, Rhetoric and Authors, Bookkeeping, Eng. Composition, Drawing,	10 7 10 3 10 10	5 4 5 5 1 2	Algebra, English History, Latin, Bookkeeping, Rhetoric and Authors, Drawing, Eng. Composition,	10 7 10 3 3 10 10	5 4 5 5 5 2 1	The same as the English-Latin.			The same as the English.		
2	Geometry, Rhetoric and Authors, Physics, Drawing, Eng. Composition,	10 10 10 10 10	5 5 5 2 1	Geometry, Latin, Physics, Drawing, Eng. Composition,	10 10 10 10 10	5 5 5 2 1	Geometry, Latin, Greek Drawing, Eng. Composition,	10 10 10 10 10	5 5 5 2 1	Geometry, Rhetoric and Authors, Physics, Drawing, Eng. Composition,	10 10 10 10 10	5 5 5 2 1
3	History, Chemistry, French, Eng. Composition, Geology, Phys. Geography, Botany,	10 5½ 10 10 5½ 4½	5 5 5 1 5 5	Gr'k & Roman Hist'y, Chemistry, French, Latin, Botany, Eng. Composition,	5 5½ 10 10 4½ 10	5 5 5 5 5 1	Gr'k & Roman Hist'y, Mathematics, Latin, Greek, Eng. Composition,	5 10 10 10 10	5 5 5 5 1	History, Mathematics, French, Chemistry, Eng. Composition, Botany,	5 10 10 5½ 10 4½	5 5 5 5 1 5
4	Literature, French, Political Economy, Astronomy, Civics, Eng. Composition,	10 10 4 3 3 10	4 5 5 5 5 1	Literature, French, Latin, Eng. Composition,	10 10 10 10	4 5 5 1	Literature, French, Latin, Greek, Eng. Composition,	10 10 10 10 10	4 5 5 5 1	Literature, French, Mathematics, Eng. Composition,	10 10 10 10	4 5 5 1

Instruction in music is given twice weekly during the course; exercises in physical training are required daily.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

By G. C. BROWNMORE.

ROSEBUD.—If the gentleman continues to press his suit by gifts of onions and cabbages, I should discourage his attentions, as these expressions are no longer in vogue in the politest society.

TULIPS.—I consider that the young man was lacking in consideration for your feelings, in deliberately turning the X-rays on your heart to see if he had melted it. If he does so again, tell him kindly but firmly that you can no longer be his friend. (2.) No. (3.) By all means. (4.) Thank you for your kind words.

LOVER OF MOONLIGHT.—The lines to which you refer as "surpassingly beautiful" are by myself, and read thus:

"The sun behind the clouds has sunk,
The moon shines o'er the lea;*
The pensive gondolier has come
To sing to you and me.
Blow, bagpipe, blow! set the wild lovers sparking.
Blow, bagpipe! Answer doggie, barking, barking."

*For reference see Webster's Unabridged.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

Walter S. Parker, *Chairman*.
Gilman L. Parker, *Secretary*.
Horace G. Wadlin.
Frank Parker.
Edward F. Parker.
Cyrus M. Barrows.

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS.

Charles E. Hussey.

READING HIGH SCHOOL.

INSTRUCTORS.

F. E. Whittemore, *Principal*.
Dora M. Sibley.
Helen E. Andrews.
Christina M. Scott.
Annie B. Parker, *Drawing*.
Fred A. Archibald, *Music*.
H. Grace Brown, *Physical Training*.

POST-GRADUATE.

Pratt, Mary L., Class of '95.

SENIOR CLASS.

Burnham, Frank E.
Hussey, Richard B.
Kingman, Chester E.
Pillsbury, Albert H.
Barrows, Edith
Beal, Lila H.
Burgess, Florence E.
Choate, Nellie B.
Copeland Grace E.
Dockendorff, Mabel G.
Harris, Estella L.
Isbell, Vera B.
McIntire, Florence E.
Parker, Addie E.
Parker, Helen A.

JUNIOR CLASS.

Badger, Walter K.
Chandler, Arthur H.
Ellison, Elmer E.
Parker, Roy E.
Taylor, Edward S.
Abbott, Grace J.
Bancroft, Linnie J.
Brown, Helen A.
Chadbourne, Louise M.
Clark, Elsie W.
Dyer, Grace E.
Houseman, Louise C.
Kingman, Florence M.
Krook, Nellie L.
MacDonald, Carrie W.
Parker, Florence B.
Parker, Jennie B.
Parker, Myra K.
Pratt, Ethel N.

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

Adams, J. Mead
Alger, James A.
Alger, John H.
Carter, Albert A.
Carter, Frank C.
Carter, Robert A.
Copeland, George O.

Harnden, Edward E.
 Killam, Edwin F.
 Nowell, Ernest P.
 Parker, Harold F.
 Pillsbury, Arthur V.
 Pratt, Winthrop E.
 Wadsworth, Frank S.
 Amsden, Hattie J.
 Berry, Ethel F.
 Broad, Grace L.
 Brooks, Bertha U.
 Brown, Gertrude C.
 Danforth, Lulu A.
 Dyer, Pearl L.
 Ellenwood, Alice M.
 Ellison, Blanche M.
 Flint, Margaret
 Gleason, Florence G.
 Hyde, Harriett M.
 Phillips, Annie L.
 Richardson, Margie L.
 Robinson, Ida H.
 Roberts, Edna M.
 Skillen, Grace E.
 Sweetser, Edith M.
 Whelton, Louise M.

FRESHMAN CLASS.

Badger, William S.
 Barrows, Allan H.
 Bond, O. Leon.
 Brown, Chester W.
 Brown, Quincy S.
 Choate, Arthur A.
 Connelly, John E.
 Dewey, Harry F.
 Dyer, Leon O.
 Heselton, William S.
 Jewett, Robert A.
 Kidder, William H.
 Merrill, Elbridge C.
 Newell, Clinton S.
 Palmer, Harold V.
 Prescott, Carleton H.
 Sheedy, Joseph E.
 Spencer, Carl M.
 Swain, Percy A.
 Austin, Grace M.

Bancroft, Edna M.
 Bancroft, Mabel E.
 Barr, Mary H.
 Boyd, Marion F.
 Cullinane, Mary.
 Devaney, Mary J.
 Drake, Bertha F.
 Dyer, Josephine
 Eames, Edna B.
 Foley, Sadie B.
 Gleason, Ella M.
 Haley, Alice M.
 Harmon, Emily W.
 Hunt, Elvy J.
 Kingman, Blanche L.
 Kittredge, Louise H.
 McCrum, Grace M.
 Nichols, Lena B.
 Nichols, Grace B.
 Platts, Grace A.
 Pratt, Louise M.
 Richardson, Bessie H.
 Robinson, Helen
 Temple, Edith L.
 Wilson, Sadie B.

UNCLASSIFIED.

Bailey, Edna P.
 Hunt, Florence A.

Reading High School Alumni and In-
 structors, from 1863 to 1896.

INSTRUCTORS.

Mr. H. A. Littell, 1856-58.
 Mr. P. C. Porter, 1858-60.
 Mr. R. F. Clark, 1860.
 Mr. L. B. Pillsbury, 1860-64.
 Mr. G. L. Baxter, 1864.
 Mr. C. R. Brown, 1864-65.
 Mr. G. W. Adams, 1865.
 Mr. E. H. Peabody, 1865-68.
 Mr. C. A. Cole, 1868-80.
 Mrs. Emeline (Wakefield) Barrus, 1865-66.
 Miss Ruth L. Pratt, 1866-67.
 Miss Mary H. Howes, 1867-70.
 Miss Josephine Nelson, 1867-68.

Mrs. C. A. Soule, 1868-69.
 Miss R. L. Hoyt, 1869-70.
 Miss S. E. Wade, 1871-72.
 Miss M. E. Keith, 1872-77.
 Miss Kate Tower, 1877-78.
 Mrs. Mary (Stinchfield) Copeland, 1878-87.
 Mr. George Perry, 1880-81.
 Miss Emma Pierce, 1880-81.
 Mr. E. P. Fitts, 1881-86.
 Miss Cora Adams, 1881-86.
 Mr. J. B. Gifford, 1886-88.
 Mrs. Annic (Lawrence) Reiley, 1886-87.
 Mr. W. R. Butler, 1888-91.
 Miss Olive A. Prescott, 1887-93.
 Miss Carrie E. Berry, 1888-93.
 Mrs. Clara Whittemore, 1890-94.
 Mr. F. E. Whittemore, 1891-.
 Miss Cora S. Cobb, 1893.
 Mrs. Ama (Holman) Armstrong, 1893-94.
 Miss Helen E. Andrews, 1893-.
 Miss Dora M. Sibley, 1894-.
 Miss Irma G. Port, 1894-95-.
 Miss Christina M. Scott, 1895-.

CLASS OF 1863.

Frederick Bancroft, Reading.
 Esther Emerson, Reading.
 Maria S. Parker, Reading.
 Olena Wakefield, Brockton.

CLASS OF 1864.

Sarah E. Pratt, Reading.
 *Emma Prescott.

CLASS OF 1865.

Emeline (Wakefield) Barrus, Goshen.
 Ella M. Pinkham, San Francisco, Cal.
 Mary (Brown) Burnham, Reading.
 *Hattie (Weston) Gleason.
 Lizzie (Wakefield) Heseltine, Reading.
 Gilman L. Parker, Reading.
 *Ruth L. Pratt.

CLASS OF 1866.

*Florence A. Buxton.
 Clara (Richardson) Burleigh, Laconia, N. H.
 Frederick O. Carter, Reading.
 Priscilla Leathe, Reading.

Belle (Badger) Parker, Reading.
 Edna (Barrus) Parker, Reading.
 Melvina (Bancroft) Parker, Reading.

CLASS OF 1867.

Sarah E. Austin.
 Evelyn Foster, Reading.
 Julia (Weston) Martin, Reading.
 *Josie Nelson.
 Eliza (Norris) Talbot, Malden.
 Ella (Kingman) Pratt, Reading.
 Sidney P. Pratt.
 Mary (Howes) Robinson, Reading.
 Ella (Parker) Winship, Somerville.

CLASS OF 1868.

Clara Bancroft, Reading.
 *Austin Christy.
 *Ella (Basset) Fox.
 Sarah (Richardson) Morse, ~~Reading~~.
 Nathan Pratt, Lowell.

CLASS OF 1869.

Maria (Bancroft) Austin, Reading.
 Abbie (Parker) Basset, Bridgewater.
 Alice (Brown) Isbell.
 Abbie (Perkins) Granger, Reading.
 Celia (Temple) Graves, Reading.
 A. Newell Howes, Reading.
 Maria Lovejoy, Reading.
 Phoebe (Harnden) Nichols, Reading.

CLASS OF 1870.

Herbert Barrows, Reading.
 George Barrus, Boston.
 Ella Clark, Reading.
 Ida (George) Temple, Chicago, Ill.
 Anna Hutchins, Reading.
 Frank Hutchins.

CLASS OF 1871.

Frank Appleton, Lowell.
 Sarah (Stoodley) Appleton, Lowell.
 Lizzie (Clark) Brooks, Reading.
 Lizzie (Burrill) Cook, Reading.
 Margaret Clark, Reading.
 M. Lizzie Day, Reading.

*Hannie Hill.

Wilder Moulton, Reading.
 Sarah (Weston) Pratt, Reading.
 William Ruggles, Reading.
 Arthur Temple, Reading.
 Abbie Wakefield, Reading.
 Ella Willcox, Malden.

CLASS OF 1872.

Hattie (Pratt) Allen, Berlin.
 Walter Barrows, Washington, D. C.
 Lizzie (Penney) Brooks.
 Mary Bucke, Wilmington.
 Nellie (Burrill) Cummings, Reading.
 Irving Converse, Nebraska.
 Emma Eames, Melrose.
 Louis Flint, Reading.
 Belle (Dinsmore) Gowing, Reading.
 Harley Gowing, Reading.
 Horace B. Holden, Melrose.
 Lillie (Loring) Holden, Melrose.
 Cynthia Hollis, Boston.
 *Addie (Howes) Pierce.
 *Charles Hutchinson.
 Gertrude (McIntire) Stiles, Lynn.
 Hattie (Parker) Sawyer, Faulkner.
 Mina (Hall) Ruggles, Reading.
 Jennie (Barrus) Temple, Reading.
 Ida (Basset) Upham, Dorchester.
 Erestina Whittier, Reading.
 Minnie Willcox, Wellesley.

CLASS OF 1873.

Morton Barrows, Omaha, Neb.
 Emma F. Eames, Reading.
 Ella (Wakefield) Hoffman, Reading.
 Ada (Safford) Holden, Reading.
 †Nellie Minot, Exeter, N. H.
 *Emma M. Nichols.
 Annie B. Parker, Reading.
 *Flora Parker.
 Ida R. Whittier.

CLASS OF 1874.

Marion E. Andrews.
 A. Evelyn Barrows.
 Kate L. Brown, Milton.

Ella (Melendy) Choate, Reading.
 Mary (Stinchfield) Copeland, Omaha, Neb.
 Nellie (Bancroft) Damon, Reading.
 Charles P. Foote.
 Oscar P. Foote.
 Sadie (Dewey) Barrus, Boston.
 Cora (Prescott) Nichols, Reading.
 William F. Nichols, Reading.
 Sadie (Lindsay) Parker
 Lucy Wheelock, Boston.
 Lizzie E. Wilkins.

CLASS OF 1875.

Lillian (Cummings) Blanchard, Wakefield.
 Evelyn C. Bancroft, Maine.
 †Mabel I. Barden.
 Alice Barrows, Reading.
 Arthur A. Damon, Reading.
 Luther F. Elliott, Easthampton.
 Fred Gerritson.
 Henry E. Holden, Reading.
 Loea P. Howard, Hyde Park.
 *Abbott N. Hutchins.
 Gertrude R. Lovejoy.
 Lawrence B. Loring, Reading.
 George A. Manning, Melrose.
 Florence (Titus) Manning, Melrose.
 †Jessie E. MacDonald.
 Mary A. Marshall.
 Jennie (Lovejoy) Merrill, Reading.
 *Fred H. Morton.
 Clarence J. Nichols, Reading.
 Lizzie (Nash) Palmer, Reading.
 Justin L. Parker, Reading.
 Benjamin Smith, Reading.
 Vestina (Converse) Skillton.
 Ada (Elliott) Todd, Roxbury.
 Helen A. Whiting.
 Sumner A. Whittier.

CLASS OF 1876.

Lucy A. Barrows, Reading.
 Elmer J. Brown, Reading.
 Fred E. Brown, New York.
 Flora (Niles) Carr, Lynn.
 Maria W. Carter, Reading.
 Lillian (Gray) Howes, Reading.

Clarence C. Knight, Reading.
 Jessie (Stockwell) Manning, New York.
 †Addie L. Nichols, Wakefield.
 Carrie F. Nichols, Reading.
 Fred M. Phillips.
 William G. Willcox, New York.
 Minnie (Carter) Winship, Reading.

CLASS OF 1877.

*Helen (Ruggles) Beebe.
 Clara (Damon) Carter, Reading.
 Marion (Barrows) Crehoe, Salem.
 Lucy H. Damon, Reading.
 Carrie (Goodwin) Draffin, Reading.
 Hattie C. Emerson, Reading.
 Jennie (Corkins) Francis, Reading.
 *Estella (Batchelder) Gould, Andover.
 Jessie B. Gronard, Reading.
 Nellie L. Hill, Reading.
 Mary W. Howard, Hyde Park.
 *Henry W. Hyde.
 William E. Manning. *Brockton.*
 Charles H. Parker.
 Jennie (Eames) Parker, Reading.
 Henry C. Parker, Malden.
 Sarah (Pearson) Peabody, Reading.
 Enley M. Sawyer, Reading.
 Fred. W. Vermille, Worcester.
 Emma (Dow) Warrant, New York.
 Walter F. Willcox, New York.

CLASS OF 1878.

Ada C. Andrews.
 Nellie (Blunt) Barrett, Reading.
 Kate L. Beard, Reading.
 Adelbert H. Carter, Reading.
 *William S. Carter.
 Joseph C. Clark, Reading.
 Sarah (Parker) Channell, Reading.
 Bertha C. Dole, Reading.
 Minnie K. Eames, Reading.
 Mary (Eaton) Tarr, Gloucester.
 George A. Forbes, Reading.
 Arthur J. Foster, Reading.
 Walter Gerritson, Waltham.
 *Angusta S. Hayes.
 George B. Holden, Reading.
 Lizzie (Cummings) Elliott, Roxbury.

Nellie S. Loring.
 *Maud F. Littlefield.
 William O. Richardson.
 Florence (Wilson) Stearns, Wakefield.
 Clara (Nash) Coolidge, New Jersey.
 Nettie (Skinner) Simpson, Reading.
 Mattie (Wilkins) Adams, Reading.

CLASS OF 1879.

Emma F. Adden, Reading.
 Emma (Manning) Armstrong.
 *Ida Clark.
 Anna Davies, ~~Reading.~~ *Ballardvale.*
 Nellie (La Clair) Green, Wakefield.
 Hattie (Cook) Hanson.
 Emma Holden, Reading.
 †Almina Knight.
 Addie (Mitchell) Pratt, Reading.
 †Nina Morrill. *Eames.*

CLASS OF 1880.

Kate (Perry) Beasley.
 Helen (Barrows) Bursley, Peabody.
 Hannah (Hibbert) Bassett.
 Marcella (Clark) Barrett, Reading.
 Evelyn Converse, Reading.
 Guy C. Channell, Reading.
 Nellie (Brown) Danforth, Reading.
 Alice O. Dow, Reading.
 Elnora A. Emerson, Reading.
 Philip Emerson, Natick.
 George Hill.
 Mary C. Holden, Reading.
 Marcella (Colburn) Johnson, Reading.
 Edgar Knight, New Hampshire.
 Charles Loring, Reading.
 Hattie (Holden) Mason, North Wilbraham.
 *Josephine E. Melendy.
 Fannie Mitchell, Reading.
 Edith (Judd) Nichols, Boston.
 Annie P. Ried, Reading.
 Grace (Fletcher) Twombly, Reading.
 Harriet Wilson, Reading.

CLASS OF 1881.

Edea Beers, Reading.
 H. Grace Brown.

Fannie La Clair.
 Catherine (Wight) Davies, Ballardvale.
 Agnes Forbes, Reading.
 Mary Graves.
 Hattie (Chase) Gerritson, Waltham.
 Lydia A. Holden, Reading.

*Sylvinia Moulton.
 Althea (Howard) Peabody, Lowell.
 Jennie (Harnden) Parker, ~~Wakefield~~ *Reading*.
 Mary (Freeman) Roberts, Reading.
 Susan (Nichols) Tuttle, Wakefield.
 †Emma W. Rich.
 George A. Vermille, Reading.
 Charles Walker, Reading.
 *John Walker.
 *William Weston.

CLASS OF 1882.

*Lottie Allen.
 *Hattie (Austin) Hobbs.
 Edward Atkinson, Boston.
 Fred Atkinson, Springfield.
 Martha Babb, Reading.
 Lizzie Batchelder.
 Hattie (Stone) Bancroft, Reading.
 Hattie (Damon) Baker, Manchester-by-the-Sea.
 *Alice Broad.
 *Laura E. Clark.
 *Hattie C. Eaton.
 Alice Emerson, Vermont.
 Mary F. Foote.
 Hattie M. Foster, Reading.
 *Grace Holden.
 Louise (Hooton) Jenkins, Reading.
 *Anna M. Moulton.
 Cora (Hunter) McIntire, Reading.
 †Ella (Gray) Parker, *Wakefield*.
 *George Pearson.
 †Georgia P. Pendergrace, Reading.
 Annie (Lawrence) Perley, Chicago, Ill.
 *Effie (Sanborn) Pierce.
 Fannie (Cummings) Ratcliffe, Mattapoisett.
 Mabel (Cummings) Roberts, Reading.
 Charles Reid, Reading.
 †Lillian V. Smith.
 S. E. Wigglesworth.
 Fannie Wilson, Reading.
 Laura (Melendy) Young.

CLASS OF 1883.

Mary A. Bancroft.
 Marion (Lombard) Davies, Reading.
 Lulu Eames, Wilmington.
 *Abbie J. Eames.
 Emma (Damon) Flint, Reading.
 Helen (Miller) Gilman, Reading.
 Edward Harrington.
 Clinton Holden, Reading.
 Ellie Jackson, Reading.
 Mabel S. La Clair, Reading.
 Lillia (Sweetser) Lincoln, Cleveland, Ohio.
 Mabel (Brown) Parks, Reading.
 Josephine (Stimpson) Parsons, Reading.
 Angie Pearson, Reading.
 Lindsey Prentiss, Reading.
 Hattie (Lewis) Swett, Reading.
 Mary Tabor.
 Melvin Skinner, Reading.

CLASS OF 1884.

Addie Bancroft, Reading.
 A. B. Bent.
 Edward D. Brown, New York City.
 Annie Channell, Reading.
 †Edith Garfield.
 Augustus Hadley.
 Martin Hartshorn, Reading.
 Jennie Killam.
 William Kingsley, Reading.
 John B. Lewis, 3rd., Erwin, South Dakota.
 Hattie (Temple) Parker, Reading.
 Grace C. Staniford, Reading.
 Hattie M. Walker, Reading.
 †Lettie B. Wiley, East Boston.

CLASS OF 1885.

Annette (Krook) Allen.
 Carrie Blood.
 Mary Crowell.
 Lawrence G. Dudley.
 Helen Gilman, Medford.
 Margaret (Nowell) Graham, Savannah, Ga.
 Edith J. Holden, Reading.
 Marian Judd, Boston.
 Lilla Kidder.
 †Anna N. Kingman, *Hawkes. Langus.*

Olive Pearson, Reading.
 Corinna (James) Pickernell.
 Hattie Richardson, Reading.
 Wentworth Ricker.
 Alice Ruggles, Reading.
 Gertrude Ruggles, Reading.
 Carrie Todd, Reading.
 Bertha Totten, Reading.
 Essie Wiley.

CLASS OF 1886.

†Clara R. Allen.
 Harry Atkinson, Somerville.
 Edith Bancroft, Reading.
 Percy N. Carter, Reading.
 Mabel (Willis) Davis, Reading.
 Weldon Duley.
 Nathaniel Hill, Reading.
 Nettie Killam.
 Richard Loring, Reading.
 Helen Parker.
 Emma (Berry) Bird.
 Ida (Manning) Pope, Wakefield. *Reading.*
 Charles Wakefield, Reading.
 Grace Wakefield.
 George Walker, Reading.
 Maybelle (Brown) Webster, Reading.
 Sophie (Krook) Williams, Everett.
 Helen Wilson, Reading.

CLASS OF 1887.

Edith M. Barker.
 Alice A. Barrows, Reading.
 Grace W. Berry.
 Winnifred Emerson, Reading.
 William H. Killam, Reading.
 Lizzie A. Parker, Reading.
 Charlotte L. Parker, Reading.
 Alice H. Peabody, Washington, D. C.
 Nellie (Weston) Roberts, Reading.
 Otis Ruggles, Reading.
 Arthur F. Thomas, Nashua, N. H.
 Annie M. Vermille, Reading.
 Mary E. Vermille, Reading.
 Harry E. White.

CLASS OF 1888.

Arthur G. Bancroft, Reading.
 George Bent.
 Charles F. Bessom, Reading.
 Gertrude L. Bessom, Reading.
 Amy (Richardson) Blanchard, Reading.
 Edward Briggs, Reading.
 Adelaide (Parker) Buttrick, Reading.
 Delia Converse, Reading.
 Christine Copeland, Reading.
 Amy (Nichols) Davis, Reading.
 Lena Hale, Reading.
 Henry Jones, Reading.
 Minnie Jones, Reading.
 Hattie Legro, Malden.
 Edith Parker, Reading.
 Winthrop Parker, Reading.
 Mabel (Thomas) Prentiss, Reading.
 Hattie (Corkins) Ruggles.
 *William Shannon.
 Chester Wakefield, Reading.

CLASS OF 1889.

Herbert C. Barrows, Reading.
 John M. Cummings, Reading.
 Alice Damon, Reading.
 Lucy (Roby) Davis, Carlisle.
 Annie Dewey, Reading.
 Gertrude Foss.
 Bertha (Stott) Graves, Glendive, Montana.
 Joseph D. Lewis, Reading.
 Richard B. Lewis, Reading.
 Mabel (Bancroft) Tukey, Reading.
 Hattie Weston, Reading.
 Mary Wilson, Reading.

CLASS OF 1890.

Harold K. Barrows, Reading.
 Edward W. Bancroft, Reading.
 Grace (Twombly) Dane, Reading.
 Joseph Harrington.
 Edith R. Hill, Reading.
 E. Josephine Jeffrey, Reading.
 *Alice Kittredge.
 Marion E. Parker, Reading.

Blanche E. Robinson, Reading.
 Jennie R. Sanborn, Reading.
 Grace D. Sweetser, Reading.
 Edith Wakefield, Reading.

CLASS OF 1891.

Wilfred A. Bancroft, Reading.
 Leon G. L. Bent, Somerville.
 *Bertha (Roberts) Damon.
 A. Gertrude Dempsey, Reading.
 Francis J. Hatfield, Reading.
 James W. Killam, Reading.
 Chester C. Kingman, Reading.
 Annie M. Robinson, Reading.
 Elmer H. Robinson, Reading.
 Henry C. Sanborn, Germany.
 Francis Smith, Reading.
 May Temple, Reading.
 Frank B. Wight, Reading.

CLASS OF 1892.

Bernard Barrows, Reading.
 Lena W. Barrus, Goshen.
 Grace I. Fox, Dorchester.
 Newell H. Hawes, Reading.
 Ella M. Hunt, Reading.
 Cora J. Jaquith, Reading.
 Eliza B. Lewis, Reading.
 Helen M. Parker, No. Reading.
 Grace B. Parker, Reading.
 Marion C. Peabody, Reading.

CLASS OF 1893.

Blanche (Copeland) Carter, Reading.
 Marion P. Copeland, Reading.
 Ralph E. Gleason, Reading.
 Herbert L. Hill, Reading.
 Ralph W. Parker, Reading.
 *Abbie J. Richardson.
 Mabel F. Temple, Reading.

CLASS OF 1894.

Bertha L. Brown, Reading.
 Arthur H. Brown, Reading.
 Agnes W. Copeland, Reading.

Edward E. Copeland, Reading.
 Margaret A. Eaton, Reading.
 Willard N. Gleason, Reading.
 Effie F. Heath, Reading.
 Thomas P. Hussey, Reading.
 Lucy M. Poore, Reading.
 Marion T. Pratt, Reading.
 Mabel H. Robinson, Reading.
 Zelpha Linwood Thayer, Reading.
 Grace S. Smith, Wakefield.

CLASS OF 1895.

Helen A. Bond, Reading.
 Jessie N. Cummings, Reading.
 Ernest G. Hodgkins, Reading.
 Samuel E. Killam, Newton.
 Emeline F. Merrill, Reading.
 Maud McIntire, Reading.
 Mary L. Pratt, Reading.
 Marion N. Sargent, Reading.
 Josephine A. Sweetser, Reading.
 Lucia L. Temple, Reading.
 Hattie M. Totten, Reading.

* Deceased.

† Married.

The Principal of the school will be pleased to be informed of any errors or omissions in the above list.

COUPLETS.

The apples hung red on the bough,
 A small boy was heard to cry "Ough!"
 When he fell from the limb
 He was met by big Jimb,
 And the apples are hanging there nough.

She has beautiful gowns by the bls.,
 And in them herself she applls.
 And when she is dressed
 And looks quite at her best,
 She sits with down her banjo and ells.

As the thirsty earth longing for water,
 Greets gladly the soft summer rain,
 So the public this charming school paper
 Will press to its bosom again.

As the starving, the perishing sailor
 Will shout at the sight of a boat,
 So you, gentle reader, will cry out
 When you see that we still are afloat.

G. C. B.

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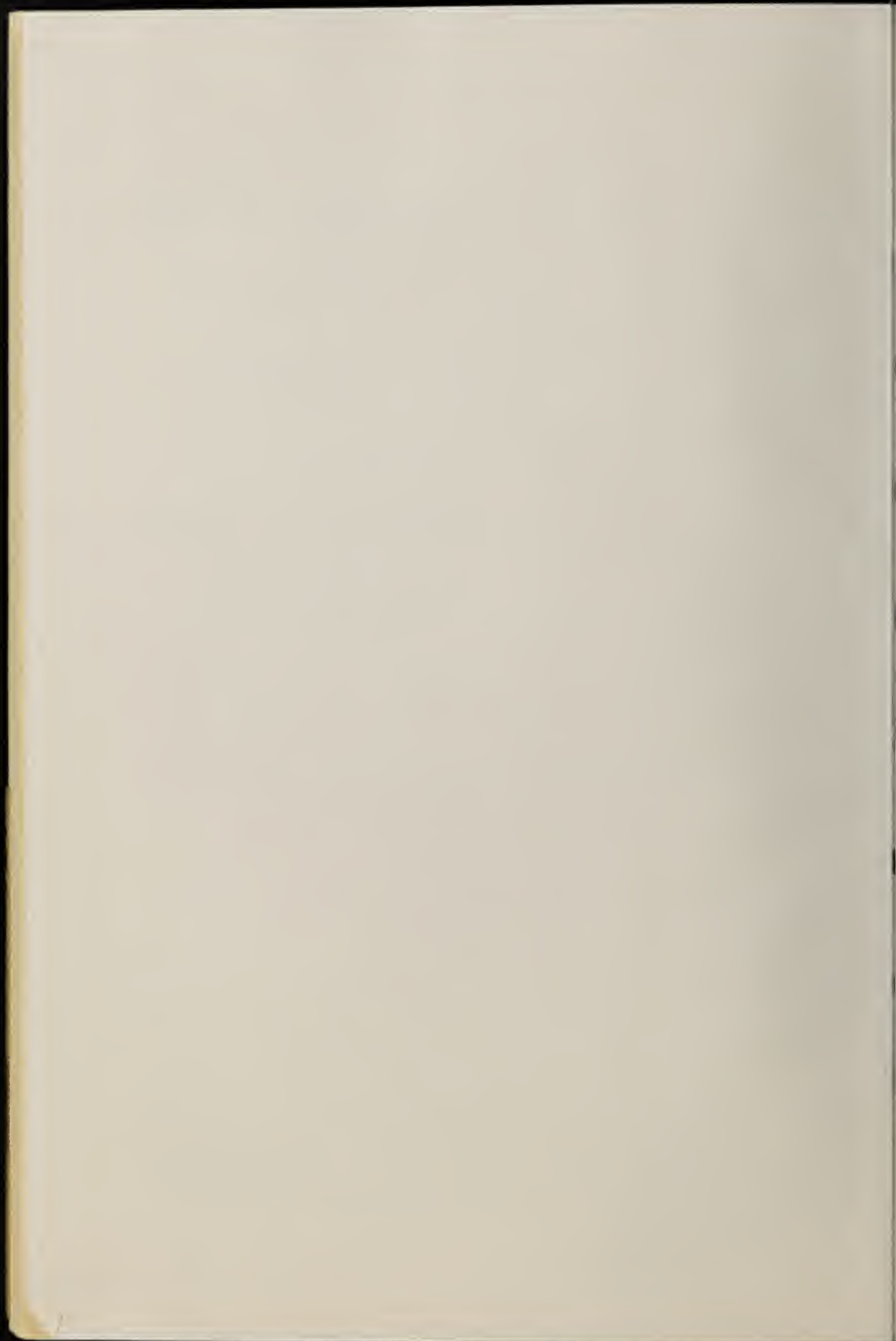
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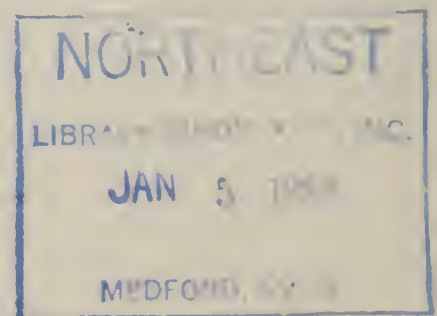
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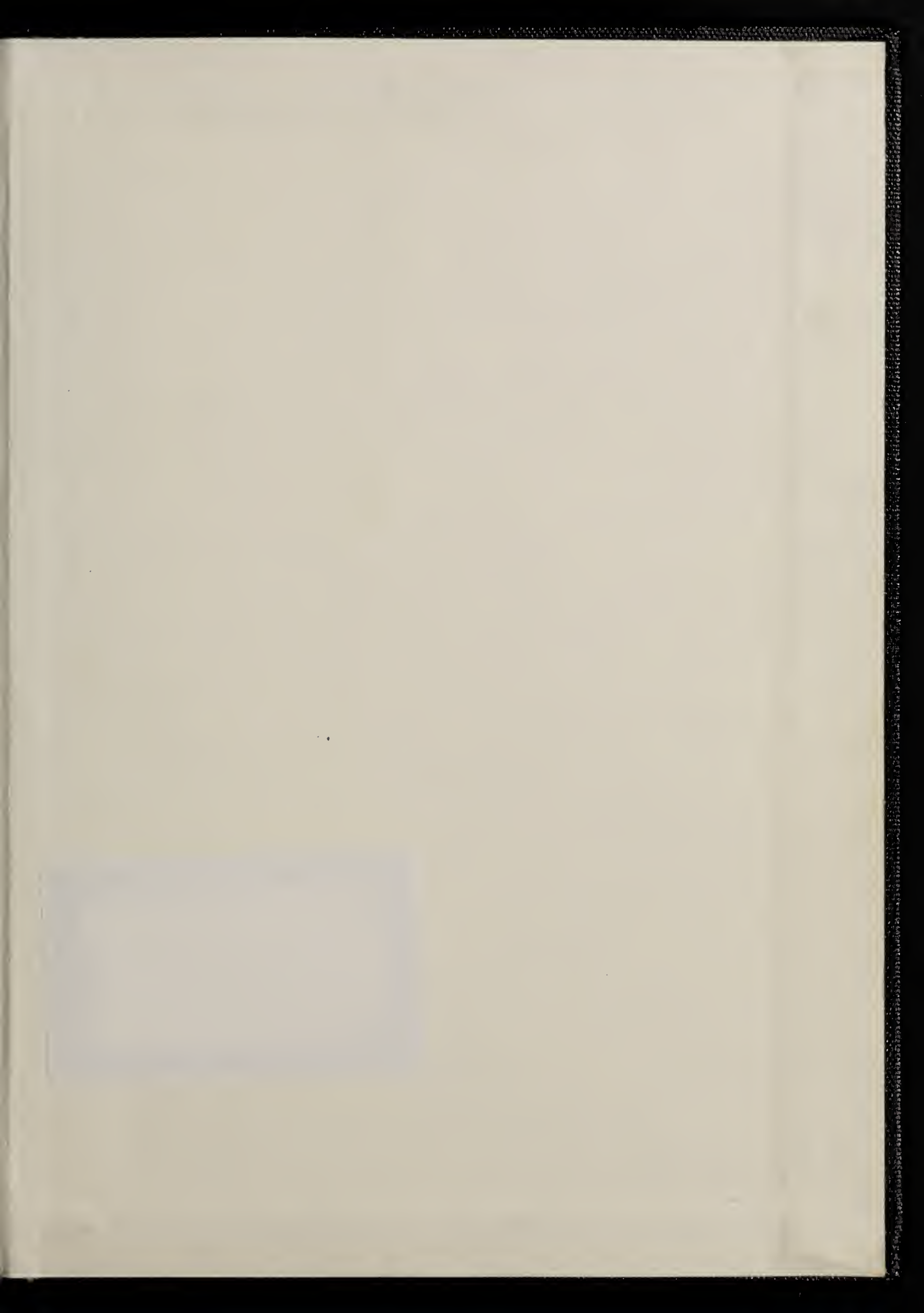
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